BLUSHES

NUMBER 25

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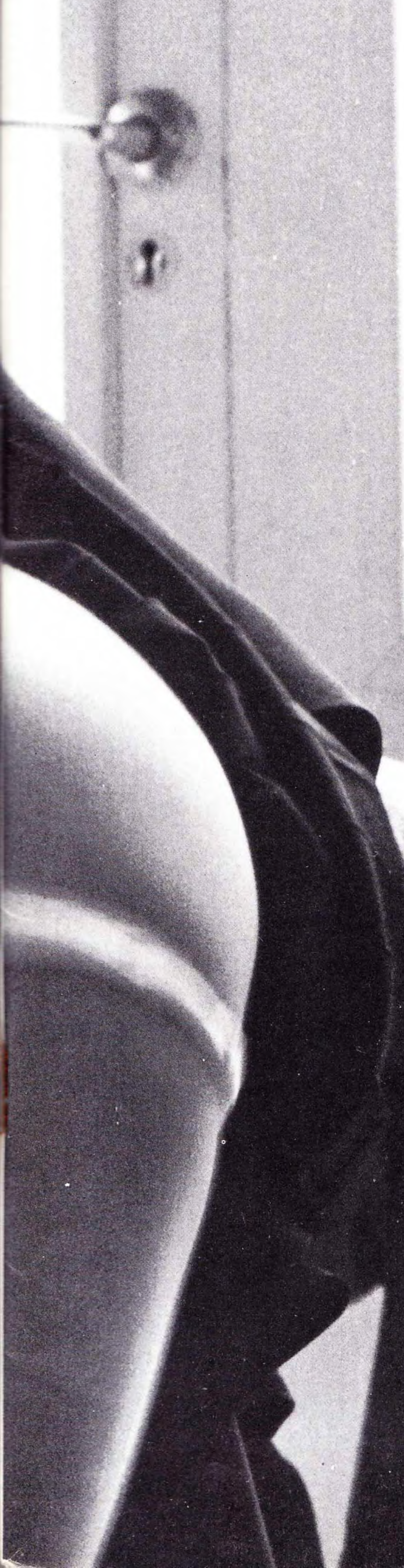
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Feedback



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All photos are posed by models, professional or otherwise over the age of 18; none of the contents of this magazine are intended to condone or encourage sexual coercion. Stories and articles represent fictional situations only; reader's letters should be regarded as legitimate comment reflecting the writer's views alone.

GREEN GABLES

It is rare indeed for the weatherbeaten sign with its partially obliterated lettering to raise any comment but today, this morning, as the bus trundles by, it does. Mrs Springley is relatively new to the village and her sharp eye has noticed it before without up till now feeling bold enough to enquire. In these close little villages people don't always like a lot of questions. Mrs Bamford, though, with whom she is going on a day trip to Brighton, has proved reasonably forthcoming about other things.







'What is that place? Green Gables. Does it say Educational Establishment for Girls? Does it say girls 18 to 21?' Mrs Springley's eyes are indeed sharp. 'Is it private then?'

'Something like that.' Irene Bamford in fact is not too sure. 'Some sort of special place. I suppose more like one of those finishing schools.'

'Oh. Because I've never *seen* anyone.'

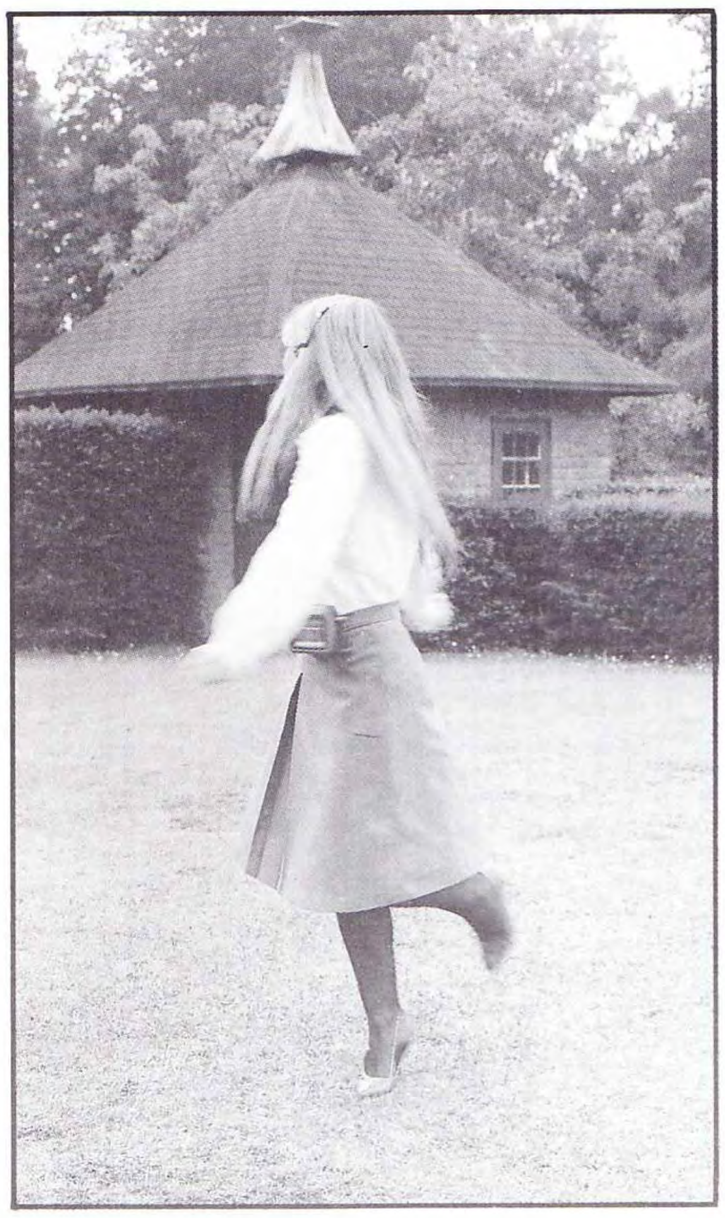
'No. They do keep to themselves and keep the girls in. Of course if it was boys I daresay they'd be all over the place and making a nuisance of themselves. Girls *are* quieter.'

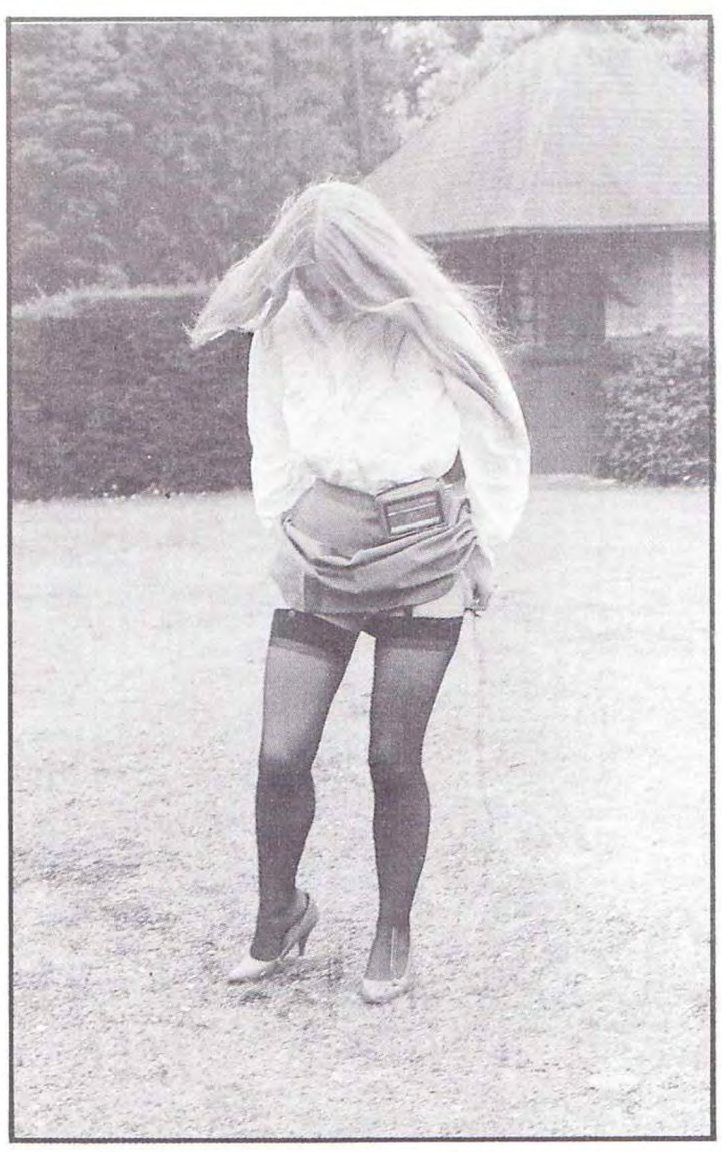
Mrs Springley agrees that they are. Mrs Bamford, never one to miss a platitude, observes that education is a wonderful thing. The bus chugs on and very soon Green Gables is forgotten as the conversation turns to the subject of Brighton's shops.

It is still there, though, behind its closed iron gates and rather delapidated sign. Behind those high enclosing walls the brickwork of which has also seen better days. Up the longish, curving driveway the substantial house this morning under a clear pale blue sky on what promises to be another hot July day. A day when no doubt we may expect to see action in the deeper blue inviting water of the swimming pool. No one as yet though, at 9 am, no budding young female form, scantily clad or as is sometimes the case not clad at all, being put through its aquatic paces. Indeed the whole of the gardens seem silent and deserted, not even old Mr Crutcher and his somewhat noisome lawnmower disturbing the peace. No one at all about, it seems.

Wait though, this is not entirely correct. Here is someone, a solitary figure over in that enclosed area behind the pool, an area of lawn surrounded by high holly hedges. It is a young woman — which is not too surprising here at Green Gables. A pretty, shapely young thing — which again is not surprising. She is dancing, silently, to soundless music. Or what passes for dancing with young people in the 1980s. Energetic jerky movements. Arms and legs going here and there in apparently irrational motion. The head is jerking and swaying too in some sort of time to the silent sounds.

She is fully clothed, this pretty blonde-headed girl. A white short-sleeved blouse and knee-length pleated grey skirt. There are high-heeled black court shoes too, which indeed this young lady does not seem fully used to wearing for she is stumbling now and then as she dances. The high heels are probably contributing to the jerkiness of her movements. And there are also nylons. Black and seamed on her long slim legs. That they are nylons — stockings — and not tights can be seen when her skirt snaps high as in her dancing it does now and then. The nylon tops are fastened by the slim straps of a black suspender belt.





The pretty blonde continues her vigorous dancing to the soundless music. It is soundless to anyone else in the garden — or would be if anyone else was here — but it is not soundless to 18 year old Elaine. Far from it, it is throbbing in her ears at a very high decibel rate. From earphones, attached to a Walkman cassette which is hooked into the waistband of her skirt, in front. *Boom-bam-Boom-bam...* etc. in her ears. Elaine dutifully performs her jerky kicks and twirls.

It is a morning exercise session and she has to perform it precisely and energetically. There are very serious and unpleasant penalties for any slacking at Green Gables. And although you may be out here alone in the garden on this super morning, a girl does not *know* she is alone. She cannot be sure that fat and decidedly unpleasant Mr Abbot is not lurking about, perhaps through the hedge for instance. Mr Abbot who can and will do such shocking things to you at the *least* opportunity.

And even if Mr Abbot is not out here lurking, another girl, Karen, has told Elaine that the whole place is anyway bugged, hidden cameras leading back to closed-circuit TV screens. Which the principal or nasty Mr Abbot or equally nasty Mr Farell may be watching. Not at all a nice thought. Elaine does not know if this is true but who is going to take a chance? So you do what the tape says. '*Dance energetically until told to stop.*'

The music keeps going for a bit. Time enough certainly for a girl to get up a little sweat because the day is already quite warm. At last though the music stops. A man's precise voice says '*Stop dancing.*' A gasp of relief — even if you are a keen dancer.

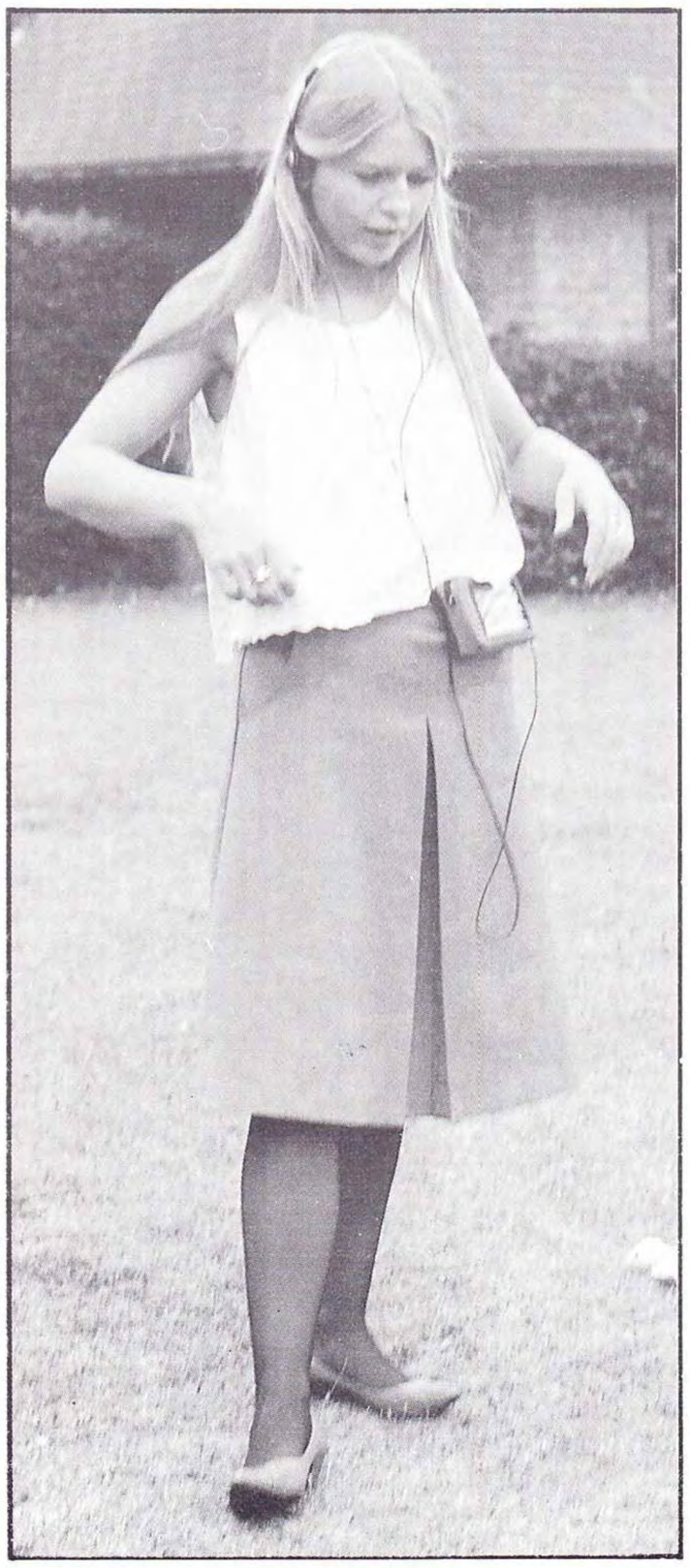
'*Remove your knickers please. Place them on the grass...then continue dancing.*'

Oh! A darting glance around. *Is* Mr Abbot lurking somewhere — or one of those cameras? She can see nothing, but...Quickly Elaine's hands go up under her skirt. White cotton knickers come into view and are slid on down over the slinky black nylons. Stepped out of and dropped on the grass. Another expectant look around and Elaine starts dancing again. But very soon the *Boom-a-bam-boom* stops one more. That voice: '*High kicks now. Face the house, lift your skirt high and do your highest kicks. Can-can dancing.*' A little click as the voice stops. Then *Boom-bam-bam* again.

You don't mess about, you do your very best when you know what the penalty can be. Elaine's skirt is lifted high, up round her waist. Everything on full display: the black nylons and the dainty suspender belt which have been put out for her to wear this morning: the pale firm flesh: and at the very centre that neat fuzzy bush. All on display to anyone who may be secretly watching as Elaine, flush-faced, kicks her legs, her high heel-









ed shoes, as high as she can.

In her eagerness to do it properly and with her inexperience with the stiletto heels she almost immediately stumbles and falls to the grass, on her back, legs everywhere. High heels, even if you are used to them, are a hazard on soft grass if attempting can-can kicks. But will Mr Abbot make that allowance? Elaine struggles to her feet and gamely starts again.

Some minutes and several stumbles later the music once more stops. The voice: *'Good. I hope you put your very best endeavours into that. Now the final stage. Blouse and vest and skirt off. Retain the suspender belt, nylons and shoes. Fix the cassette to the front of the suspender belt. Resume dancing. Energetically. High kicks as before.'*

Click. Boom-boom-a-bam.

Oh Cripes! This is no joke. But nor is Mr Abbot a joke. Do you want to give him an excuse? Elaine starts unbuttoning, unzipping. Her vest has to come off over her head which involves some manoeuvering with the cassette lead, but it is no real problem. She sticks the cassette back in the front of the suspender belt. She has no bra on: at Green Gables they do not see the need for such things. Elaine's moderate sized tits are nice and firm anyway and do not need any artificial support. The pert pink nipples are erect, pointing slightly upwards. As she begins to dance again the pink-tipped cones have only a slight independent movement of their own.

Jerking up and down in just her suspender belt and nylons. The high heels, as Elaine strains at her kicks, continue to provide problems but if she stumbles she quickly picks herself up again. Keep going. Do not show any sign of slacking. Vaguely she wonders what the next instruction will be. Will it be that the exercise is over and she can go to breakfast, possibly with a shower first? Or will there be more unpleasant things to do?

* * * *

Inside the house Stacy Millings the principal's secretary has had her breakfast and has started her morning's work. A proprietorial slap on her tightly-skirted bottom has preceded a request to take some papers round to Mr Farell. Stacy has grimaced not so much at the slap and the little grope which followed it as at the thought of Mr Farell. He is not her favourite person. He is more like her *least* favourite person.

Stacy has only been in her job a week and is already seriously wondering at the wisdom of taking it.

She was here for two summer sessions, when she was 18 and 19, and that was undoubtedly awful; some of those things don't bear thinking about. Especially things to do with *Mr Farell.* But that was when she was still nominally under her uncle's charge, 18 or not; her uncle who was only interested in a quiet life and had been easily persuaded that she needed a spot of discipline. Two spots in successive summers. Each spot lasting several awful weeks.

But now Stacy is a young woman and, as they say, 'courting'. With rather eager thoughts of getting married. But for that she and Simon need some money and Stacy needed a job. And she just happened while shopping to come across Mr Stanfield. It seemed he was looking for a new secretary. And looking Stacy up and down and no doubt remembering those two summers he suggested a highly attractive sum.

Stacy, on her reluctant way now to Mr Farell, thinks again of the unwisdom of accepting that offer. The trouble was she couldn't find anything else and it was a very good salary. But Green Gables...And Mr Farell *especially...* High heels clatter angrily on the wooden floor. Ripe buttocks shake in indignation. People like Mr Farell should not be *allowed to exist!*

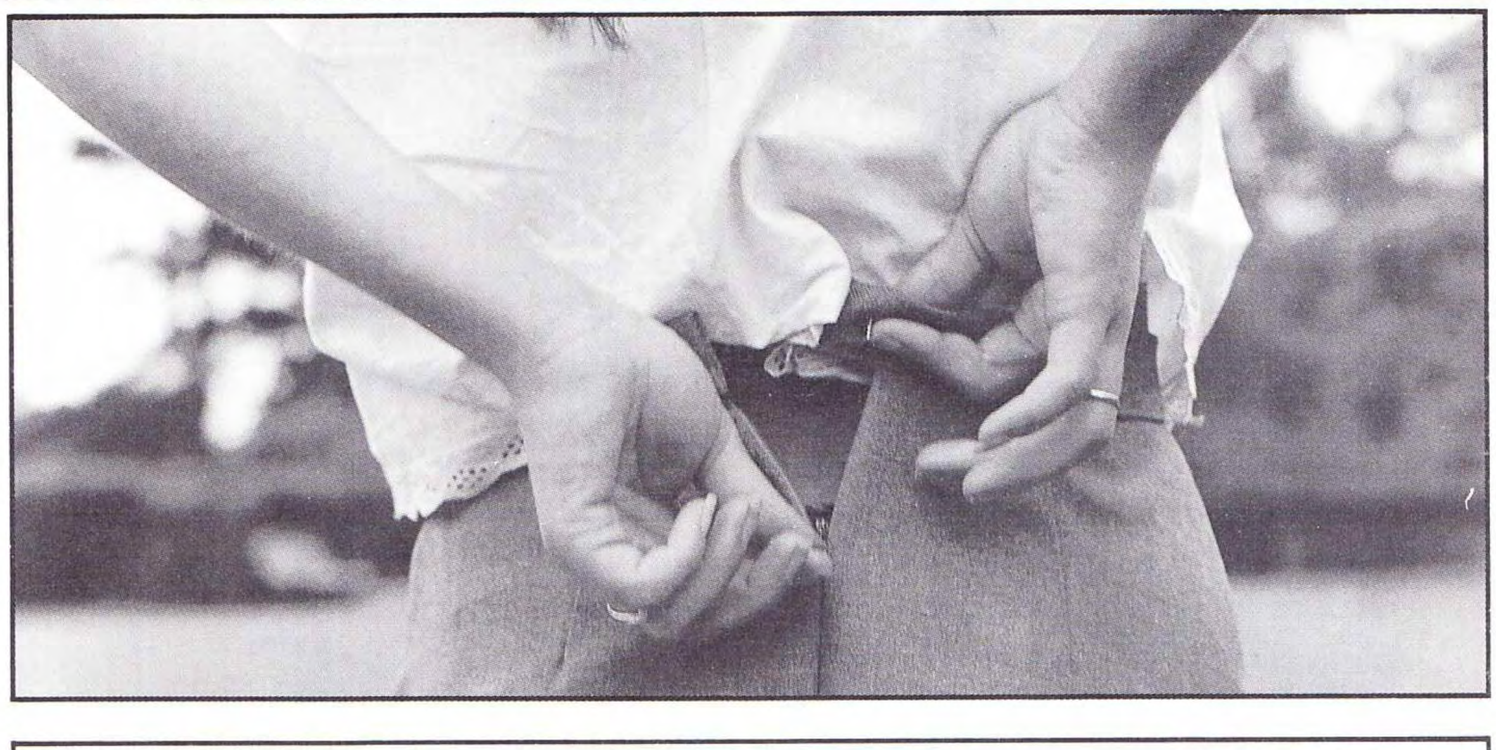
A knock on his door and she goes in. Stacy hasn't meant it but the knock comes out as hard and peremptory, a knock betraying that anger she feels though she is aware of the advisability of discretion. She *is* a member of staff now, but certain people are apparently unable to see the distinction between staff (female) and pupils (so called, beyond school age or not). Mr Farell looks up from his desk where he has seemingly been toying with some papers. There is no one else in his room, not yet. No prospective victim of Mr Farell's special kinds of unpleasantness. Except of course, now, Stacy.

He gets immediately to his feet, which is perhaps not a good sign. 'Ah Miss Millings! The delightful Stacy. How are we on this excellent morning? Raring to go?'

He moves swiftly as he speaks behind her to close his door, which Stacy has deliberately left open. That is not a good sign at all. 'Look, I've got to get back.' Mentally she adds, 'You horrible creepy worm.' But only mentally.

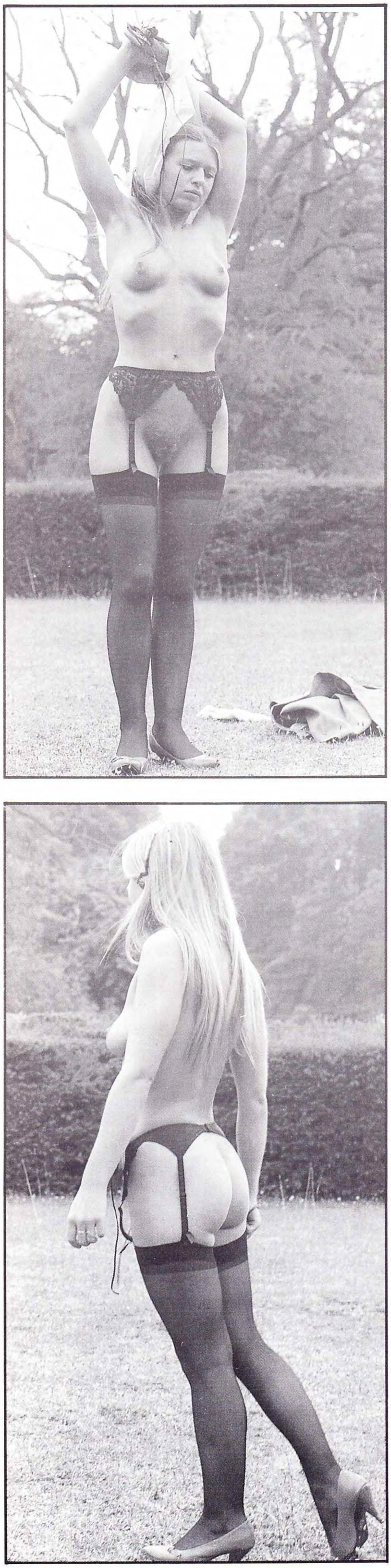
'Oh of course, yes. I know we are desperately busy. But it may be that I have something for you as well. Eh? You are here to service us all as you know, Stacy. So to speak.'

He has come close and Stacy backs against his desk. Her not insubstantial though exceedingly at-









tractive buttocks are wedged against it. Mr Farell's hand comes out to grasp one of Stacy's tits which is also full and substantial, noticably more so than when she was here formerly. Stacy abruptly pushes the hand away.

'Look, cut it out.' As an afterthought 'Please' is added.

'Stacy dear, I am not at all sure I like the tone of your voice. Not at all friendly and co-operative.'

Stacy's green eyes blinking. If she is not careful tears will come. Because Mr Farell is so... 'Please Mr Farell...I'm staff now.'

Mr Farell now simply takes hold of both tits through her pink silk blouse, squeezing them. Stacy shivers but this time does not stop him. 'What you are, Miss, is a young woman in need of discipline. I think it is clear you did not get enough when you were here before. So perhaps you need more now. The principal I know is of the same opinion.'

Stacy is thinking naturally of two days ago. In the principal's office. When with Mr Farell watching she was made to lift her skirt and get over the desk. Her tights and knickers yanked down for Mr Stanfields' cane to be sharply applied to her bare bottom. She should of course have left there and then after that. Demanded what wages were owned and simply *left*. But Stacy knew very well the virtual impossibility of getting another job, there was nothing at all anywhere around. So she had suffered the humiliation — and the pain — and told herself that he had probably just done it to teach her a lesson and if she was careful he wouldn't do it again. The principal had said something like that afterwards. And he did after all have the girls, if he felt like....

'These tits are splendid, Stacy. I fancy they have developed considerably since you were here before. They are quite a substantial handful. Mother's cooking I expect. And also, mmm, your hormones, eh?'

Stacy experiences a slight wave of nausea. Mr Farell is the worst. Definitely the worst. Worse than Mr Abbot even. Mr Abbot in fact has left her alone since she came back. Though of course that might merely be because Mr Abbot is concentrating on one of the girls. But even so...

'I understand you're engaged to be married now, Stacy. How lovely. But not, I hope, anticipating that happy event? I have noticed in the mornings you might be looking a little tired. As if...mmm...you might be, as they say, getting on the nest at nights. I hope not, Stacy. We must have staff able to give 100 per cent.'

Stacy gasps as one hand comes down to her crotch. Her own hand automatically goes to push it away but falters. If she fights Mr Farell he will just...like he used to. He is anyway only trying to get her going, doing things and saying things. Saying things that aren't true, she doesn't do it. Not that Mr Farell is likely to believe that. Not after a girl has spent a summer session at Green Gables.

'Are we, Stacy?'

A wild shake of her head. There are tears now in the big green eyes. As there have been many times before when she has had to deal with Mr Farell; or rather, when Mr Farell has taken the opportunity to 'deal with her'

'Mmmm.. Unfortunately girls and young women cannot be relied on to tell the truth, Stacy. Even, I am afraid, after they have had the benefit of a stay at Green Gables where we work so diligently to inculcate the highest standards. Mmm...'

He at last lets go of her. Stacy's hand briefly brushes at a moist eye. She is breathing heavily. Just possibly Mr Farell is going to let her go now. He may after all have one of the girls to see.

* * * *

In the summer house. It is 9.20 and being July the sun is already quite high in the sky. The air here is moist, heavy, stuffy already. There are rectangular patches of dazzling light on the dusty floor making the remainder of the room dark in contrast. In one of the dark areas Elaine stands, trembling slightly, heart thumping. She is still in suspender belt and nylons and high-heeled shoes and of course the Walkman. The voice in her ears after the music stopped has said, '*Now go to the summer house. Take your things with you. Walk smartly.*'

Elaine's things, her blouse and skirt and vest and knickers are on the table to the side. What now? The cassette is making a slight crackling sound but producing neither music nor a voice. The summer house is a bit scary. Karen said...

Suddenly a step behind her. Heart momentarily stopping she turns. Oh!! Mr Abbot!

'You can take that thing off now, Elaine. The tape's finished.' Elaine, earphones still in place, hears this faintly, as from the distance, but in any case she is for the moment too shocked to move. Mr Abbot, in his shirtsleeves, has a cane in his hand. Slowly her hands go up, to the earphones. There is the urge to cover herself, her bare tits, even more the neat brown bush down below. But Elaine has already learnt in one week

here the error of undue modesty with either Mr Abbot or Mr Farell. It is not appreciated, and that cane...

Mr Abbot, watching as the Walkman is removed, asks, 'Were you putting everything you've got into it, Elaine?' His voice is now clear and distinct.

'Yes Mr Abbot.' Eagerly. Fearfully. *Has* he been watching it all? But she has anyway been doing her very best. Sweating out there. 'Yes I have *really.*'

'Hmm. Let me see a few kicks. Your very highest. Come on.'

She begins again. Can-can kicks as before, as high as she can. Mr Abbot is going to cane her, Elaine knows it. Mr Abbot who is staring hard at the confluence of her thighs as, with each leg in turn kicking high, it is revealed.

Her thing. The outer lips partly opening each time. Don't think about it. There is just a very faint chance — one in 100? — that he won't cane her. But only perhaps if he sees she is *really trying.* Elaine tries very hard, straining every muscle and regardless of what Mr Abbot can see. Unfortunately the effort is too much. Those heels again. She slips and falls sprawling on the dusty floor.

Mr Abbot stares some more — especially at where her legs are sprawled wide. Then reaches for Elaine's arm to pull her up.

'Either not trying, Miss, or very clumsy. Either way I think a little touching up is called for.

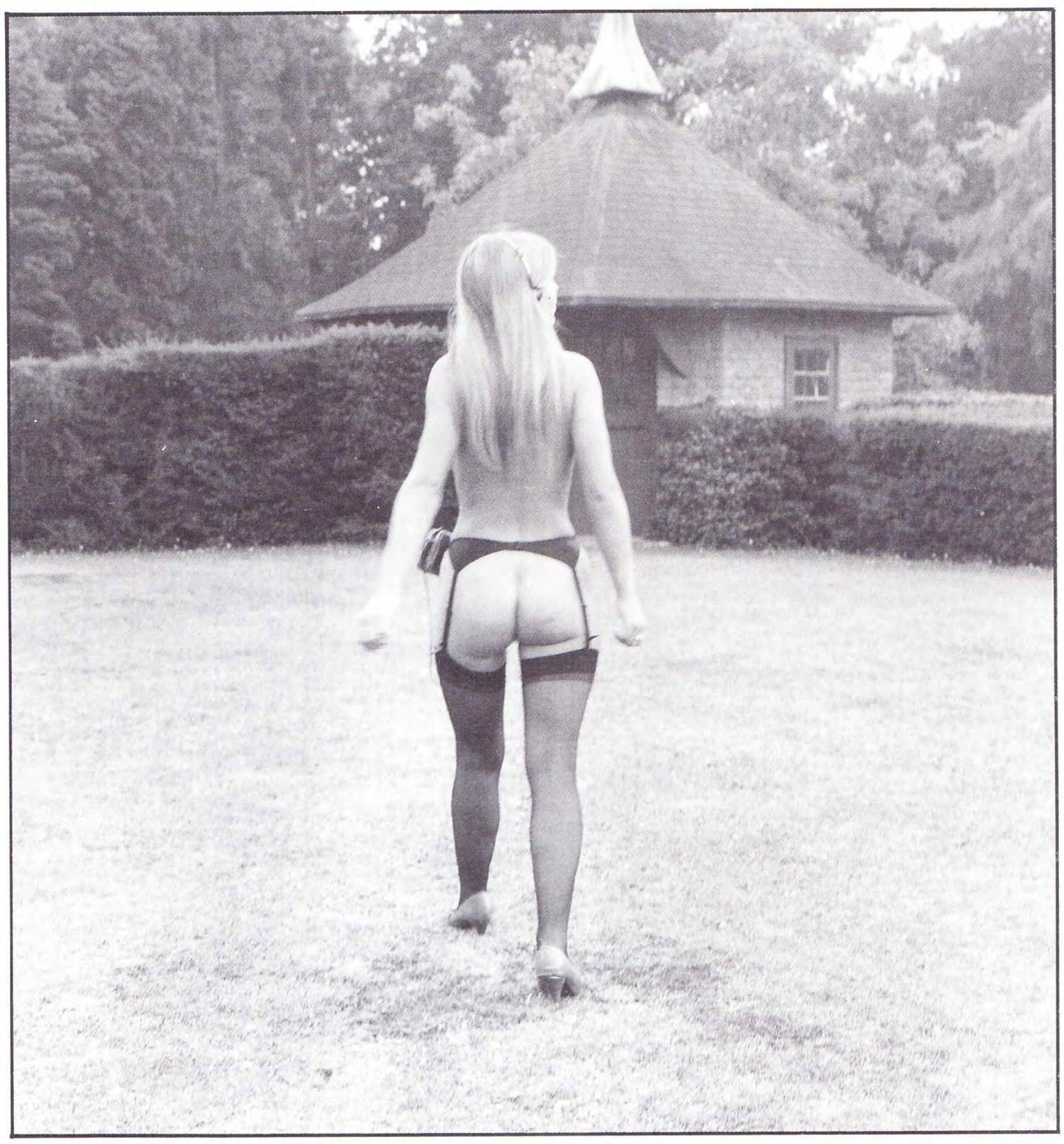
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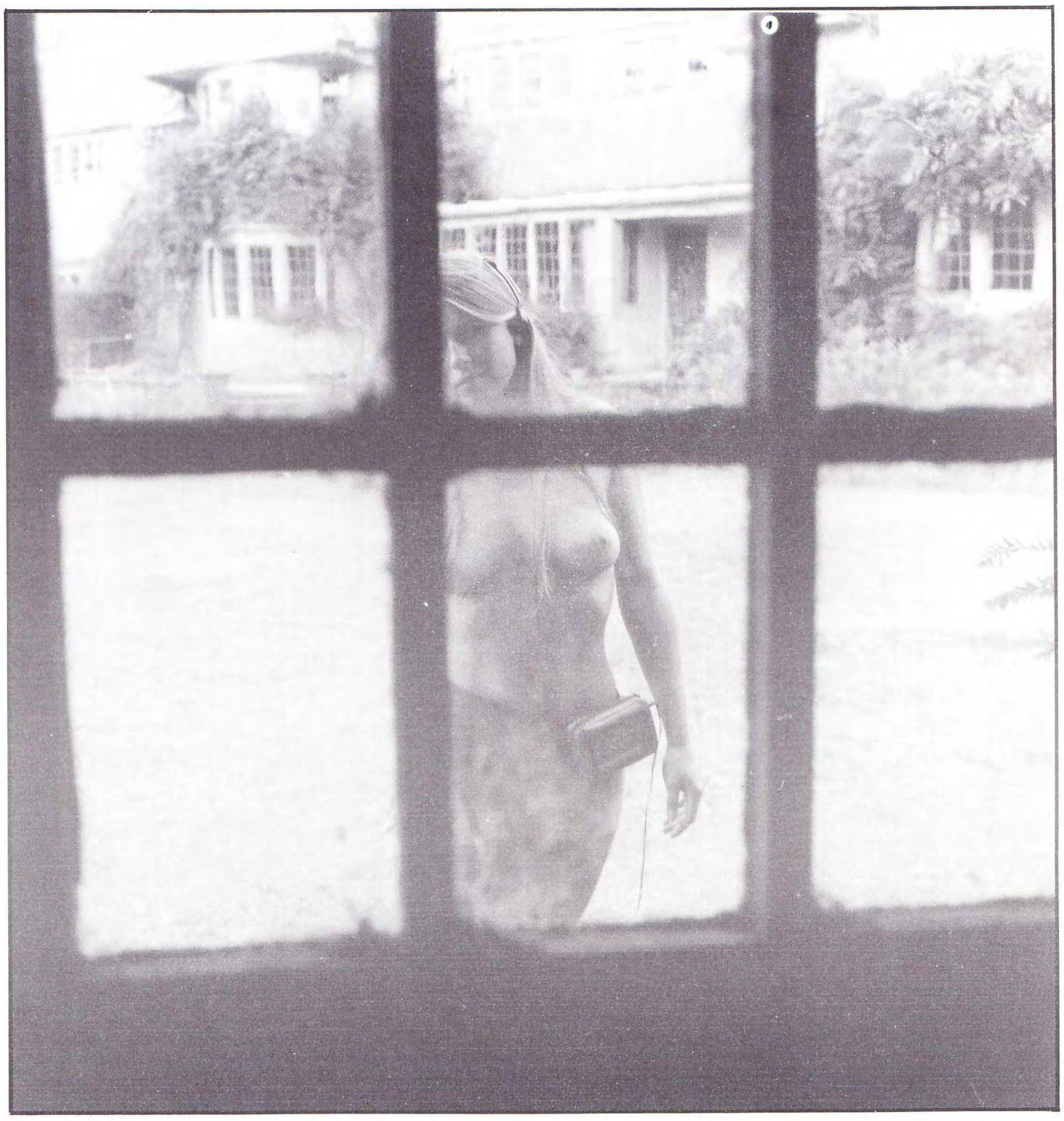
In Mr Farell's room Stacy is bent over his desk. Arms stretched wide to grip the sides of the top. Her tight skirt is off and her knickers are lowered to the tops of her tan nylons. Nylons and not tights. After that business in Mr Stanfield's office he has told her that in future she must wear nylons. 'Tights are not convenient.' Not convenient for what is happening now presumably. Which is that Mr Farell is vigorously caning Stacy's ripe bare buttocks. Stacy yelling out just as she did last summer and the summer before.

It doesn't get any easier when you are 20; indeed it may feel worse. A girl's bottom — Stacy's bottom certainly — is riper and maybe more sensitive. It is certainly more humiliating, when you think you are grown up as Stacy thinks she is. In between the desperate howls Stacy is weeping, sobbing, which itself is humiliating. But she can't help it.

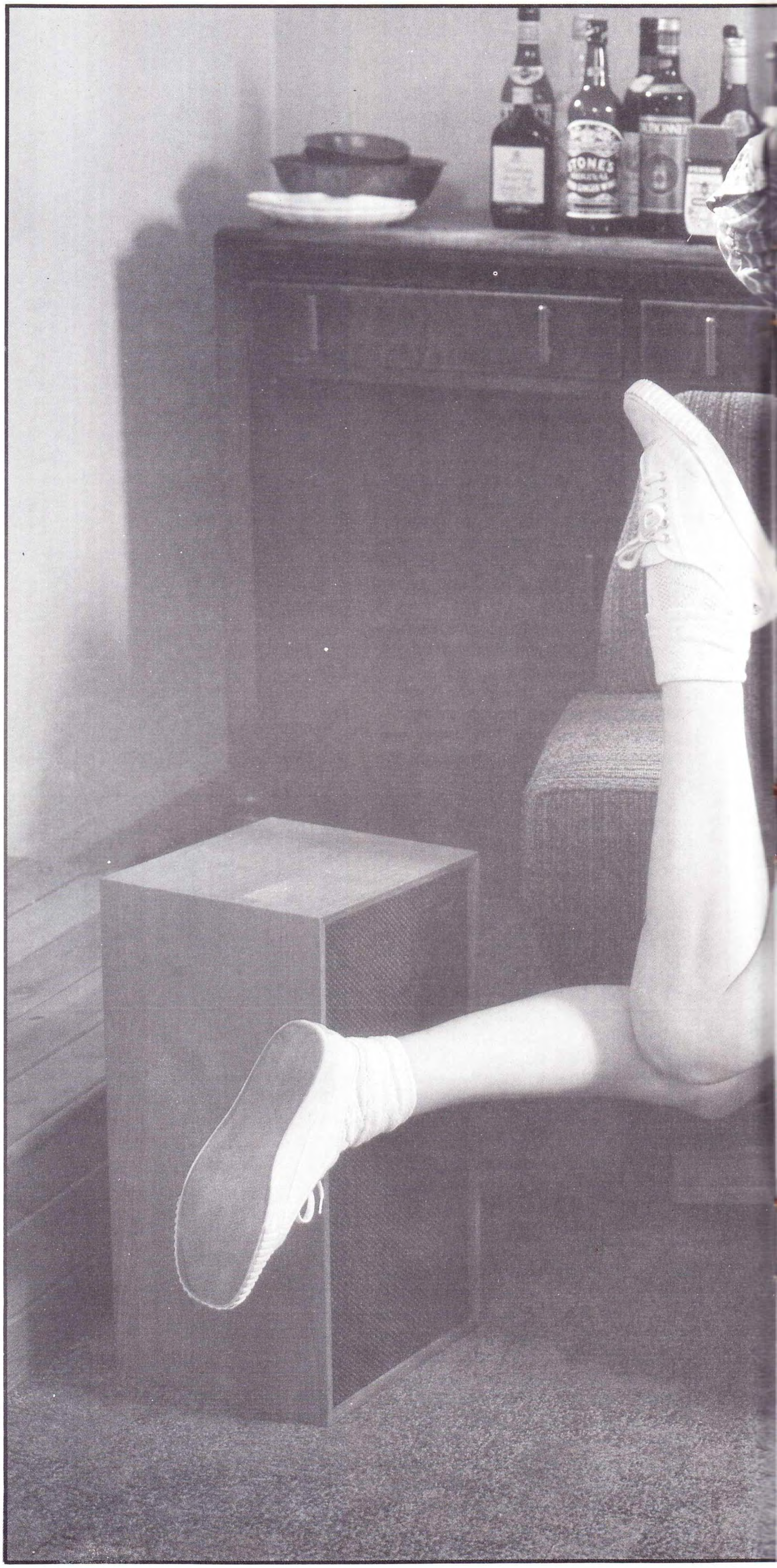
In the summer house the cane is not now being wielded. Mr Abbot has finished. He has finished with the cane at least —

In Mr Farell's room meanwhile...





WHO DARES WINS



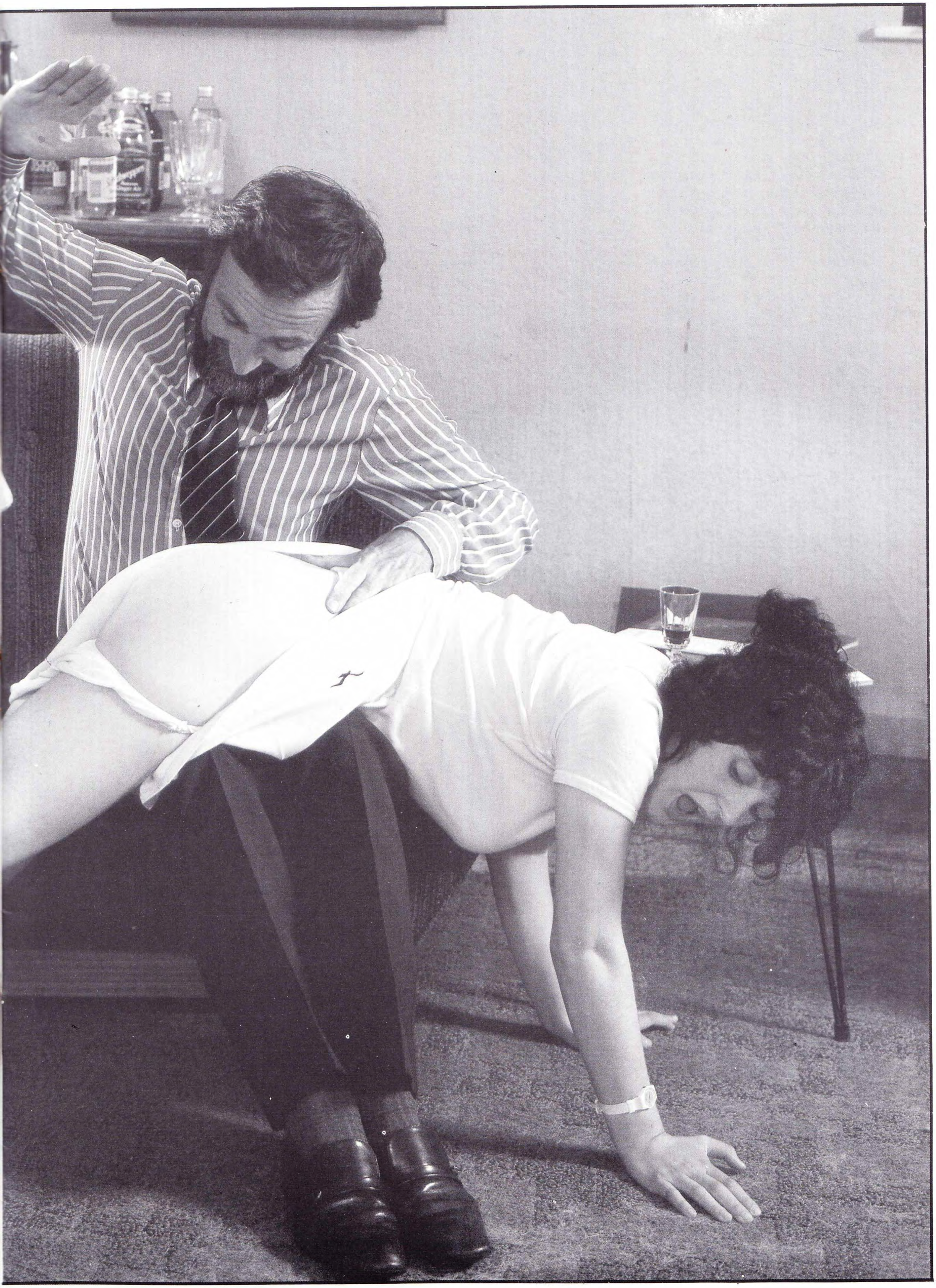
The question which Rodney Brace asked himself was whether or not it was right to spank your cousin's bottom. He couldn't see why not, even if she was half your age. After all, Victoria had *married* Albert — and they had been first cousins. Jennifer, he reckoned, was his second cousin. So it must be alright. It had better be, for the girl, sweaty and still wearing her tennis gear, was already over his knees.

'Christ...Rodney...what the Hell do you think you're *doing*!'

'Something I've wanted to do most of this evening, you rotten little sport. Your behaviour towards the Bellamys' was quite disgusting.' He yanked up a short, pleated white skirt to expose a pair of damp, white briefs. Very small, very tight-fitting white briefs. Mind you, he'd seen quite a lot of those already while she'd been flouncing around the court.

'Stop it...you can't...you can't do this...I...I'm grown up...now...'

'You think *nineteen* is grown up?' Mind you, looking down, Rodney had to admit his young cousin *looked* very grown-up. He'd seen many a less



fulsome bottom on women in their mid-twenties.

'Yes...yes! I *am* grown up. You can't treat me like this.'

Rodney recalled the time. The girl had already had a nice plump bottom on her last year. She'd been chucking a cricket ball in the garden, despite being repeatedly told not to by her Aunt, and in the end she smashed at least a couple of window panes in the greenhouse and trampled down a good area of the flower beds. Almost without thinking what he was doing, he'd yanked her over his knees and, sitting on one of the permanent wooden garden seats, had smacked her taut young bum good and hard. She'd yelled and kicked and even tried to bite him but she got getting on for a dozen where it hurt but did no harm. With her Aunt looking on and nodding approvingly.

'Good for you, Rodney,' the Aunt had said when he finally released the girl. 'It's what Jennifer's been needing for a long time. She get's quite out of hand. Pity there's not a man about here more often.'

Rodney remembered the girl running away up the garden, hands pressing to her plump little bottom, sobbing her heart out. He'd felt a bit of a bastard for a moment or so at what he'd done, but the girl's Aunt had reassured him.

'I've never thought it does any harm. In reasonable moderation, of course. It's quick and painful. It's remembered. It works.' She nodded again and smiled. 'I know, because my father spanked us regularly when we were naughty. And I think you will agree I have grown up to be an honest Christian citizen.'

'Indeed you have.' He recalled that Jennifer's Aunt sat on the local Bench and was also a Churchwarden.

Rodney came back to the present. And that still girlish but now even plumper bottom before him. He could see the sweat on it...and down the long, light brown thighs. She'd put a lot into the match; it was just her damned rudness whenever she lost a point that irked. Even more so when she stalked off sulking when they had finally lost — stating that the last hit winner had been out, *without any doubt*. Ridiculous! How could one be sure in a family match? What did it matter anyway? It was simply no excuse for behaving like a female MacEnroe. He was sure her Aunt would have approved, even though a year had passed since the last, similar episode. In fact, it was that same Aunt who had invited him over for a few days while she was on holiday. 'Tennis is your game,' she had said 'and Jennifer likes it, too. You'll be able to improve her game.' Being at a loose end, he had accepted quite readily.

Improve her game, her Aunt had said. Maybe, maybe not. In any event, he could improve the girl's manners.

'I can't *stand* bad sports!' he said. She was still fighting to break free from his grip around her waist. Kicking out. He recalled that she had done that the last time. Would she try to bite him again?

'I....ahhh...wasn't a bad sport....they...ooohhhh...they cheated! Rodney...you've got to let me go...you can't do this to me...it's indecent...yes...indecent...I know you're my cousin...but you...you *shouldn't*...you know it!'

'What I do know,' said Rodney, 'is that your Aunt put you in my charge for the few days she is away. Even if she hadn't, I'd feel I'd be justified in doing this to a spoilt and arrogant little kid like you!'

'I'm not a *kid*!' It was a shrieking protest. Rodney, however, noted that the girl did not deny she was both spoilt and arrogant. Yes you are a kid, he thought, even though you might have the body of a young woman. 'Let me go...ooohhh...let me go! Or I'll tell...I'll tell...'

That was real kids' talk, he realised. 'Tell anyone you want,' he replied. 'Especially your Aunt. When she hears the facts, I'm sure she'll approve.'

'Ooooh....Rodney...you are a *beast* !'

'Yes...I probably am.' Last time, he thought, I didn't take her knickers down. There hadn't been time or need. It had been quite impulsive. Need? The word lingered in his mind. Was there need? They afforded no protection. There was, however...and he had to admit it...*desire*. Yes, he wanted to see that plump, sweaty bum quite naked before he smacked it. Not altogether something worthy, perhaps, but undeniable. Why shouldn't he, anyway? It was all in the family.

Feeling a tingling at his nerve-ends, Rodney got hold of the thin strip of elastic around the top of those little briefs and tugged sharply. The briefs slid down, laying that full-rounded bottom completely bare.

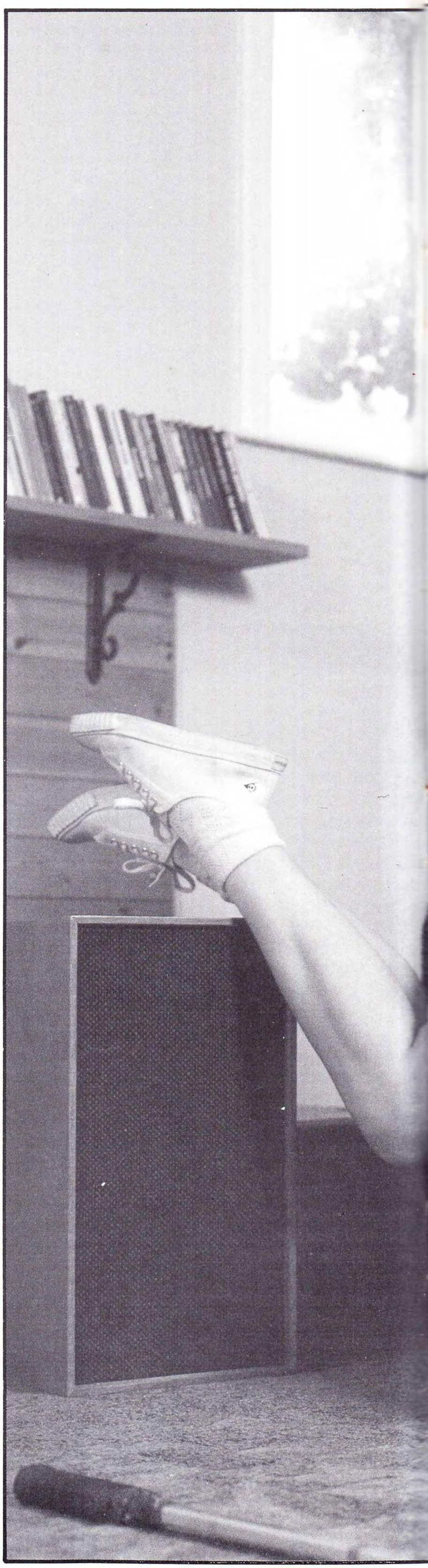
'Rodney! Ooohh...ahhh...how...how *dare* you!'

'He who dares wins,' replied Rodney, grinning happily down at the lush curves of sweaty flesh. He felt very much in charge at that moment. As a Lieutenant in the SAS he was used to commanding the toughest of grown men...and this was but a girl getting a spanking she'd quite obviously deserved for a very long time

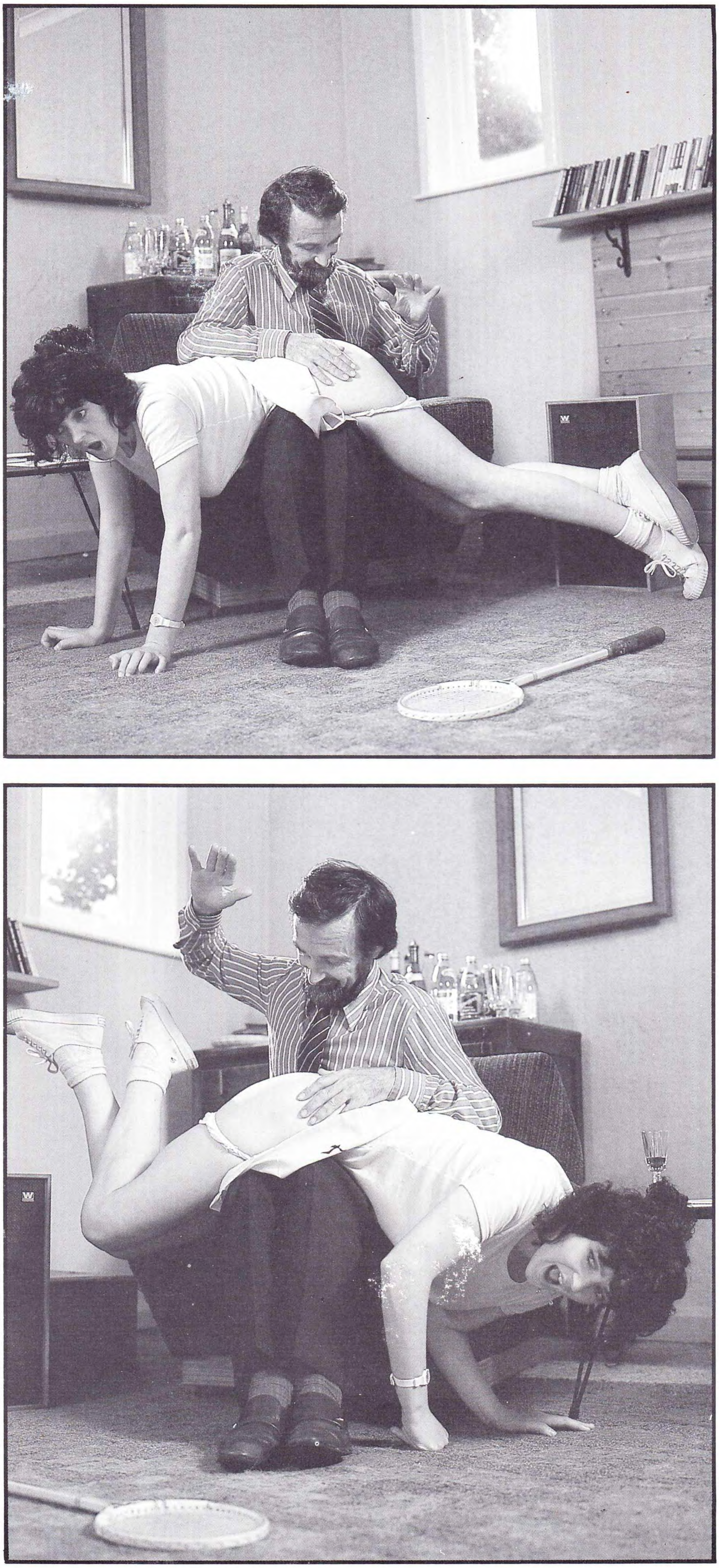
'Stop! You mustn't!'

'Stop, Jennifer?' queried Rodney, still grinning, 'I haven't started yet. And, since you think you're now so grown up, you're going to get a damn sight more painful spanking than when you were younger.'

'No...ooo...please...' The defiance had gone suddenly, now there was only weak, feminine pleading. Designed to appeal to an 'officer and gentleman'; designed to weaken his resolve. Oh yes, she had grown up after all. She had learnt to use womanly wiles. Still looking







down, Rodney saw the nates tight-clenched.

'I'm going to teach you to be a good loser, Jennifer,' he said.

* * * *

Jennifer's was the only bottom Rodney had ever smacked. The first time it had been more a thing of the moment, but now, without doubt, there were overtones. He knew he'd enjoy teaching this girl a lesson for her unsporting arrogance...but he hadn't realised how much he would enjoy it. He could see pubic hairs, delicately frond-like in her deep cleft. A cleft which widened uninhibitedly as his palm descended again and again and those long, girlish limbs kicked and splayed. Delightful...oh quite delightful!

'Beast...*beast*!' she kept shouting — but not actually crying out. Instead, making a gasping-roaring sound. It signified rage rather than pain. Rodney was rapidly forming the idea that his young second cousin was made of the same kind of stuff as he was. As the SAS was. In short, she had guts.

The bouncing, juddering bum, still sweatily wet, was fast getting redder and redder. God, how good it was to really belt into it! To slap it and slap it and slap it! Lucky he had a hardened military palm. It must have felt more like a piece of board than flesh and blood. So much the better!'

SLLAAAPPP! SLAAAPPP!

'Ooorrr....aahhhh....you...you... s-swine...you cowardly *swine*!'

The voice was getting more and more high-pitched. Rodney got the impression that the girl had had more than enough. Was, indeed, breaking. He slapped harder.

'I don't like bad sports, Jennifer!' he yelled. 'Learn it...learn it...learn it!' His palm went smack, smack, smack upon the wildly dancing bottom.

'Eeennough...aaahhh...enough!' The cry was pathetic, at squealing pitch. Rodney instantly sensed that, if he went on, the girl would be forced to break. And, as a Brace, neither she nor he wanted that. She'd had plenty and taken it well. That was fair enough. His burning palm stopped it's sweeping motion. The flinching-quivering-clenching bottom before him was the brightest of red all over. It seemed to have expanded.

Rodney Brace, sweating slightly (on account of emotion rather than physical exertion) found himself suddenly at a loss. He'd just administered a really sound and fully deserved spanking...but what next? Jennifer, his cousin, remained lying over his knees, making tiny mewing sounds, shoulders rising and falling fast under her damp, white tennis shirt. The hot, bright red flesh of her up-curving buttocks kept on twitching and shuddering. Rodney found it a fascinating sight. But what should a chap do next?

He cleared his throat. 'I hope you realise you deserved that, Jennifer?'

No response. Just those continued mewing sounds.

'Your Aunt would have approved, I'm sure. Just as she did before. You knew that, I suppose?'

'Oh...ah...yes...I did know that Rodney...'

'I shall tell her what I did when she gets back...'

'Just as you like, Rodney.' A sigh. Could it be a contented sigh? 'Do you know, Rodney, I've wanted you to do that again...ages.'

'*What*?' The SAS Lieutenant was genuinely amazed. 'You mean...you mean...'

'I mean,' said Jennifer, no longer mewing, 'I've been dreaming about you smacking my bottom again, ever since the last time.'

'Well I'm damned...extraordinary!'

'Why do you think I behaved like a spoilt little brat this afternoon? I knew it would rile you. And I hoped...mm..... hoped.' Rodney felt the soft pressure against his thighs increasing. It was quite, but quite, astonishingly exciting. 'Ooohhh Rodney...would you mind soothing my poor bottom a bit...with your hand?'

'Well...no...of course not...if you wish...' My God, he thought hotly, this was a turn-up for the book. His hand did its best to run over the burning flesh. Its sweatiness made that difficult. Still, Rodney persisted. The temptation to dive his fingers into that deep cleft was becoming ever more difficult to resist.

'Oh...ohhh...that's lovely...so lovely.'

'Really?'

'Yes...really.' A sighing pause. 'You know we're second cousins, don't you?'

'I know that...of course.'

'And you know that doesn't matter, don't you! I mean, Victoria and Albert were first cousins, weren't they?' Good grief, reflected the Lieutenant of the SAS, my very first thoughts when I first had the girl over my knees! 'But...we don't have to get married, do we?'

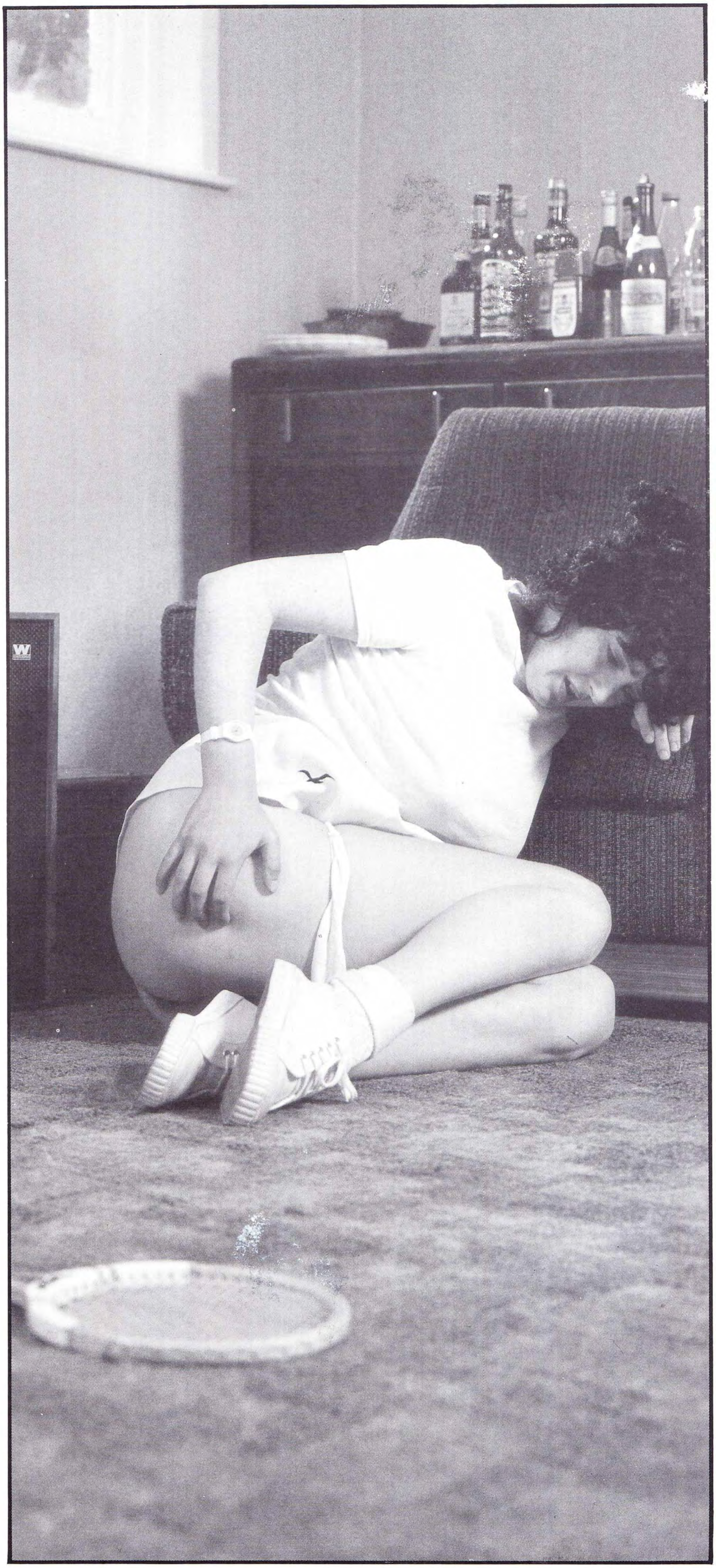
'No...no...of course we don't. Who ever suggested it?' replied Rodney indignantly.

The girl eased herself up off his thighs and gave him a winsome smile as she pulled up her tiny white briefs. 'Thanks for the lesson, Rodney,' she said and gave him a kiss on the forehead. 'Now let me give you one.'

Mouth open, Rodney watched the lilting swing of those seductive hindquarters as his cousin made her way up towards the house. Could it be true? *Yes* ...it must be true! Remarkable, but true.

He smiled as he got up off the garden seat. The Regiment's motto had a lot to recommend it. 'Who Dares Wins'. And the reward was already going through french-windows into the house.

No doubt at all that a Brace would very shortly become a couple!



PROFESSORIAL PREFERENCES

'Ah, just a little word if I may, Miss Melfield.' Professor Harlow smiled at her.

It was 10.30, the end of his tutorial session. The others in the group, eight of them, were quickly on their feet. A lovely morning and most of them had a free hour ahead: just right for sitting outside on the steps in the autumn sunshine or going across the road for a coffee. An hour of Professor Harlow could be a bit boring. Jane Melfield made a face at David, whom she had started going out with. Prof Harlow fiddled with his papers until they had all left. Then smiled again at Jane.

The fleeting thought crossed her mind that he might fancy her. Another girl, a second year, had gigglingly said something about Prof Harlow the other evening. Jane hadn't really caught it though she thought it was along those lines — fancying girls — but it was probably a joke. Prof Harlow was getting on. Sixty? A bulky shape and an amiable expression most of the time. Not really the sort to fancy first-

year girl students. He had, though, made Celia Simmonds stay behind last week. It was now the third week of Jane's first term. She was beginning to find her way around and of course had already found David. She smiled at Prof Harlow. He said, 'Come here please, would you, Jane.'

She got up. Quite a big girl! 5'9", well-built, with good-sized breasts and bottom. *Too* big Jane naturally thought, though David didn't think that and nor it seemed did a number of other boys. She was anyway also pretty, big blue eyes with a shock of blonde hair. Her looks were heightened by the fact that she usually wore make-up — quite a bit — which many girls didn't. That made some boys think Jane was fast, which she wasn't.

Did Prof Harlow think that Jane was fast — and therefore available? Pretty first-year girl students could be a temptation if you were inclined that way. Unsure of themselves, their youthful bodies ripe for exploitation. Were any such thoughts rolling around behind the calm and amiable grey eyes of Professor Harlow?

Jane went to stand next to him. On his desk was her essay — and there seemed to be an awful lot of red pencil on it. Prof Harlow looked up, with that amiable smile. 'Not really very good, Jane. I should think a good 16 year old could do better than this.'

Colour flooded to her cheeks, his softly delivered words hitting her like a bucket of icy water. At school Jane's English had been praised and she had got a good A Level. She had been quite pleased with this essay.

Prof Harlow's calm grey eyes looked up. 'With that sort of work, young lady, you could easily be thrown out at Christmas.'

Jane blinked furiously, afraid she might actually *cry*. Be *thrown out*! 'I...I did my best, Sir.'

Prof Harlow shook his head. 'It's not enough to do your best, Miss. Not if it's not good enough. You have to meet the proper standards.'

As she contemplated this awful development Jane became vaguely aware that Prof Harlow's hand was on her leg. Her lower thigh. Just there, not doing anything. Through her skirt.

'You wouldn't want that, would you, Jane? You wouldn't want to be asked to leave at the end of term?'

There were tears in her eyes now. The thought was...unthinkable. How could she ever face anyone again? Jane managed a stuttered 'No Sir.'

'And I'm sure I wouldn't want that either, Jane. One never likes to lose a student. Especially a very pretty girl, eh?'

All of a sudden she became more aware of the hand. It was higher up on her thigh — rubbing over the top of her stocking through her skirt.





Fingers were pushing in between her thighs a bit at the back. Was it true then...

Prof Harlow was repeating, 'No, we certainly shouldn't want to lose you.' And he was also pulling up her skirt at the back. The thin flowered cotton material and with it the nylon slip underneath. And then the hand back taking hold where it had been before only now not through her skirt and slip. His hand shockingly on the nylon top itself and the warm bare flesh above. Jane felt herself trembling. Yes...Prof Harlow...What that girl had said...

She should move away, push his hand away, but Jane was still in a state of shock about her essay. So the hand remained there, while Prof Harlow made his position clear.

'I of course have sole responsibility for first-year students in this department. It is a responsibility that I gladly undertake, offering as it does close contact with young and budding intellects. So I am the sole arbiter. You understand that, Jane, do you?'

Yes. Her mind though still shocked could grasp the situation. It was either, or. Be a good girl. Or else. Could she report him? No she couldn't; a first-year student of three weeks standing could not report the head of the English Department. No. And so...'

'You *do* understand, Jane?'

A strangled, 'Yes...yes Sir.'

It was presumably the green light. The hand slid up, to grip Jane's bare thigh firmly. Squeezing the soft flesh. Fingers in the warm narrow space between. He *couldn't* do this.

'Some extra tuition, Jane. That is what you need. And I shall be happy to give it.'

She put her hands on his desk, all at once very weak at the knees. 'Did you ever have any proper discipline at school, young lady? Anyone dealing with this rather splendid bottom?'

His hand now on it, on Jane's ample rear, skimpily covered by a brief and diaphanous pair of knickers. As she trembled Prof Harlow explained he meant had she had it smacked — or caned even? Fighting the frantic need to squirm away Jane shook her head.

'Ah well, Miss Melfield, that could be our problem. At many schools they still do, you know. I think you'll have to come and see me.' His hand continuing its busy business. 'Yes, we'll have to make an appointment.'

Out in the bright morning sunshine. Her watch said 10.20, she had been in with the Prof for 20 minutes. Jane shook her head, scarcely able to believe it. Prof Harlow! Nice old friendly-seeming Prof Harlow. As in a dream she walked down and round the corner. The steps to the main building where the students congregated when they had no lecture.

A shout. She saw it was David. He came over. What had Prof Harlow wanted? She could hardly tell him: that she had had to stand still and let Prof Harlow put his hand up her skirt and feel her bum — and if she hadn't let him...

She gave some vague reply, not really saying anything. Not saying either that she had to go to Prof Harlow's apartment tomorrow afternoon. It was still almost impossible to believe it.

There were no lectures then and David wanted to take a bus out in the country. Jane said she'd better do some work, to which he replied, 'OK, let's do some *together*.' She flushed, hating lying. 'No...I...I can't work like that.'

2.30 Wednesday. It came round soon enough, following a rather strained atmosphere after she'd told David that. Maybe she should have told him she was going to Prof Harlow's, for some tuition, coaching. Jane had been agonising over what exactly was going to happen. Surely it wouldn't be...Please God not *that*. Prof Harlow anyway didn't seem the type for that — but what *was* his type? A hand-up-the-skirt type — unless she had dreamed it. Her mind had been in such a state yesterday. He *had* spoken of tuition — she thought. Maybe it *was* just that. But did she remember him also mentioning *smacking*...?

She knocked timidly at his door. She had worn something smart: a smart skirt and black nylons and high heels. Had that been a mistake? She wondered if Celia Simmonds had been here — and what had she worn?

Prof Harlow's smiling countenance. 'Ah come in, my dear. You do look nice.' As if it was a vicarage tea party or something. In his hall and then through into a room lined with books.

'So nice to see you, Jane. I've got a couple of things to finish, then I'll be with you. You can wait in here. Oh, and take your skirt off. And, oh, your slip if you're wearing one.'

She stood there as he went out. *Take her skirt off*! He couldn't...Jane was still standing, transfixed, when a couple of minutes later Prof Harlow's head popped back round the door. His voice with a more steely edge. 'Take if *off*, Jane. You really do need discipline, don't you. Perhaps you need something else. The *cane*!'

He couldn't do this but he was. Could she refuse? Just say No? But if she did he would simply kick her out and if she complained say she made it all up. Jane's hands went to her skirt.

A few minutes and he was back again. Smiling. 'Ah that's better. That's much better. Let's see you.'

Taking Jane's arm as she stood with her back against the bookshelves. Her







skirt and slip obediently off now. Nylons and a black suspender belt and brief knickers. A white shirt above but that didn't reach more than a few inches below her waist. His hand turning her, so that his other hand could get at her bum in the brief tight knickers. Fondling. Then slapping it.

'A nice big one, eh Jane? I'm surprised no one has had a go at it before.'

He was pushing her arm behind her back. She automatically resisted but Prof Harlow pushed it up anyway. His other hand now yanking her knickers down. She yelped out. '*No*!'

'Keep *still*, Miss.' Pushing her firmly in against the books. 'Discipline!'

He had her knickers down now. It was unbelievable but her bottom was bare and Prof Harlow had his hand on it. Grabbing at the wobbly cheeks, Jane's too, too solid flesh that she was a bit embarrassed about anyway, 37 inches though she hated to admit it. Prof Harlow's hand groping her big bare bum.

And then smacking it. Sharp, hard smacks that really stung. She yelped out. *'No!' 'Don't!' 'Please!'* And other less recognisable sounds. It was *impossible, quite impossible*! At 18, having your knickers taken down and your *bare bottom spanked*. But there was nothing Jane could do to stop it. For one thing he had her arm behind her back and for another — well, if she didn't take it he was going to kick her out of college.

The hard hand kept smacking in. All over the big bottom, the backs of the full thighs. Bottom and legs squirming, writhing, under the stinging impacts, but not able to escape them. Bottom and backs of thighs getting really bright red. It seemed to go on for ever. Finally, though, Prof Harlow did stop.

He let go of her arm and turned her round. Prof Harlow was breathing quite heavily. Jane was gasping. He smiled. 'There you are Jane. Disciplinary chastisement.'

She didn't answer; there was nothing to say. Without warning Prof Harlow's hand came up and sharply smacked her face. He was still smiling.

'Yes, my dear. A little physical pain is very, very good for a girl.'

Hand up to a hotly glowing cheek, trying to catch her breath, the shocking slap was almost worse than what he'd done to her bottom. Prof Harlow told her to take her hand away...and then sharply smacked her face again.

'Does that hurt, Jane?'

She couldn't help it, she was crying. She nodded, blinking. She thought he was going to hit her again but he didn't, his hand instead coming round her waist, and then down at the still stinging, still bare bottom. 'A little pain *is* good for you, Jane dear. It keeps a girl on her toes.'

Half an hour later Jane left Prof Harlow's apartment. Her face was flushed, her eyes red. She was walking in a hesitant manner, as if perhaps unused to high heels. That was not in fact the problem, Jane was quite used to high heels, the problem was she seemed scarcely in control of her legs. Or anything else for that matter. There had not been any academic work, no tuition or anything else. But Professor Harlow had, after using his hand on Jane, brought out a cane. Four breath-snatching shots across the ripe, red-glowing nates. Yes, it was no wonder Jane was having difficulty walking.

As if what had happened wasn't bad enough she had been told to come back tomorrow. Jane tottered along the corridor, her mind a blank, shell-shocked. At the corner she walked straight into a male figure. After disengaging herself it proved to be Dr Silby. Dr Silby was younger than Prof Harlow, 40 perhaps. Jane knew who he was because they had two lectures a week from him: '*The Contemporary English Novel*.'

Dr Silby recognised Jane once he had got over his own shock. And also, because this was the faculty building, he could guess where she'd been.

'Jane Melfield. And she's been to see Professor Harlow!'

Not too much later Jane was in Dr Silby's apartment. She didn't want to be there, she wanted to get back to her own room, have a bath, try and forget. But Dr Silby insisted she came in for a coffee. And then...

He made it plain that he knew about Prof Harlow and what a girl could expect when she went to his rooms. Dr Silby smiled, a man of the world. 'We all have our little whims of course and our dear professor's whim is girl students' bottoms. Eh?'

Jane didn't answer but blushed furiously, making it clear that Dr Silby's guess was correct. Sitting next to her on his sofa he squeezed her thigh reassuringly. 'Don't worry, my dear, I shan't tell a soul. Your little secret is quite safe with me.' A firmer squeeze. 'Because I know it would be most embarrassing for a girl if it got out. Mmmm? That boy that I see you with for instance. David Watkins is it?'

The hand remained on Jane's thigh and as with Prof Harlow's hand she didn't push it off. Dr Silby presumably couldn't kick her out of college but he had this other hold on her. What he was talking about, teasing her with. So that if...

Jane didn't come out of Dr Silby's room for a whole hour. Dr Silby of course was in no hurry, but then who would be? Dr Silby wasn't interested in smacking bottoms. His interests were more what you might call conventional...



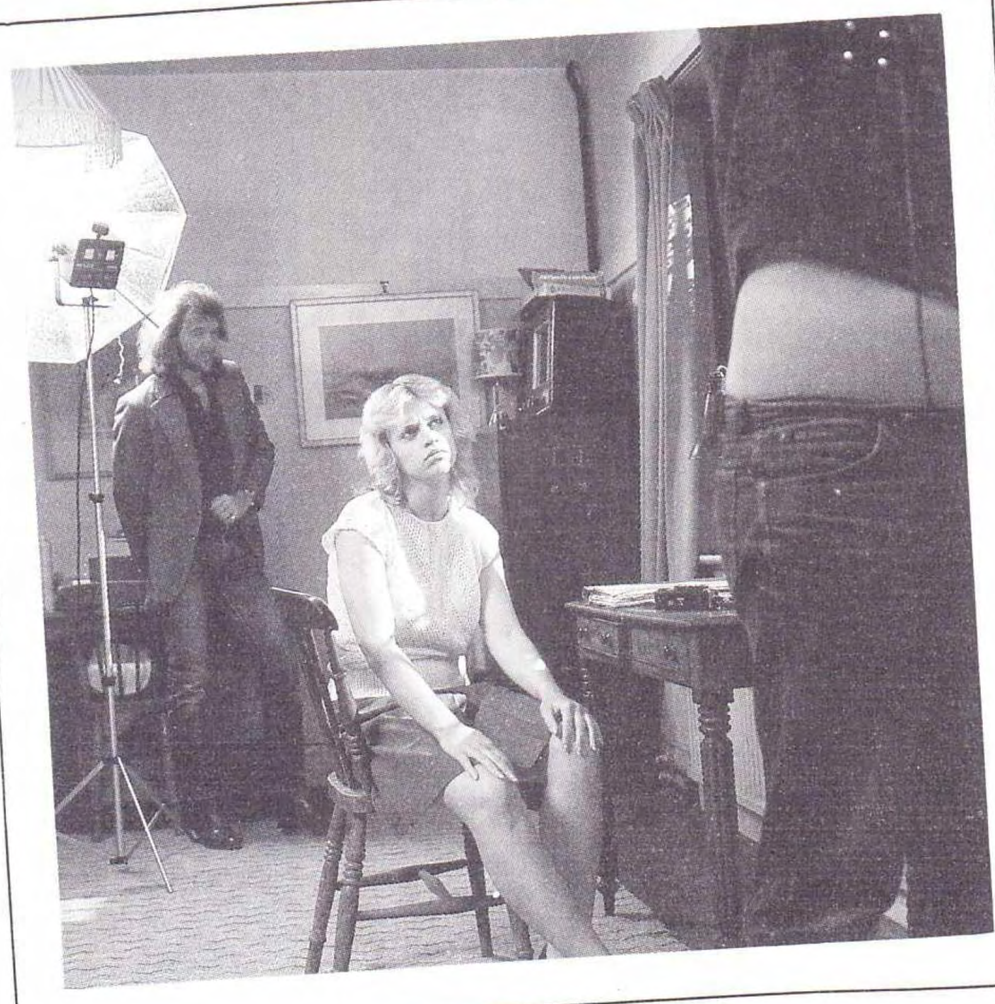
A BLUSHES GIRL'S FIRST JOB





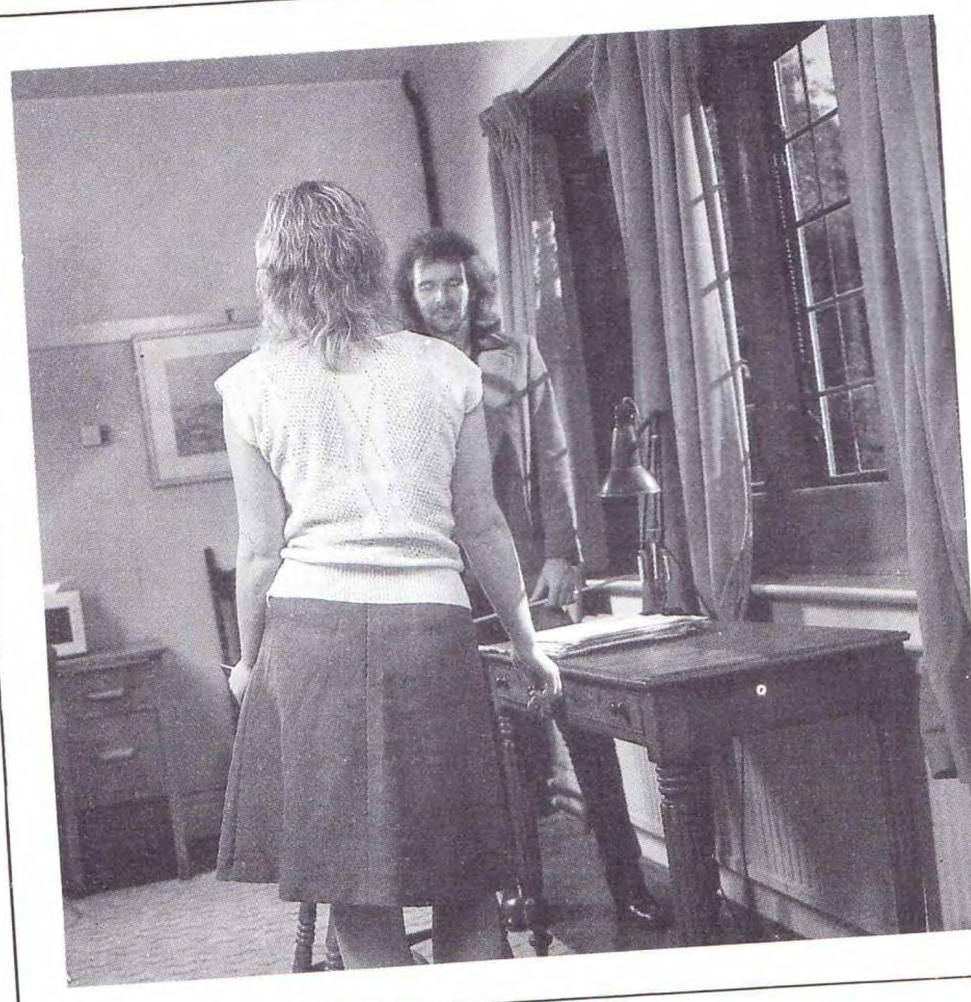
A full commentary would be redundant; it will be sufficient if you know that there is an all-male 'crew' of five there to shoot a sequence in which Tracey is to play the part of a first-year student opposite a man whose role is that of lefty lecturer with licentious notions about girl students and discipline.

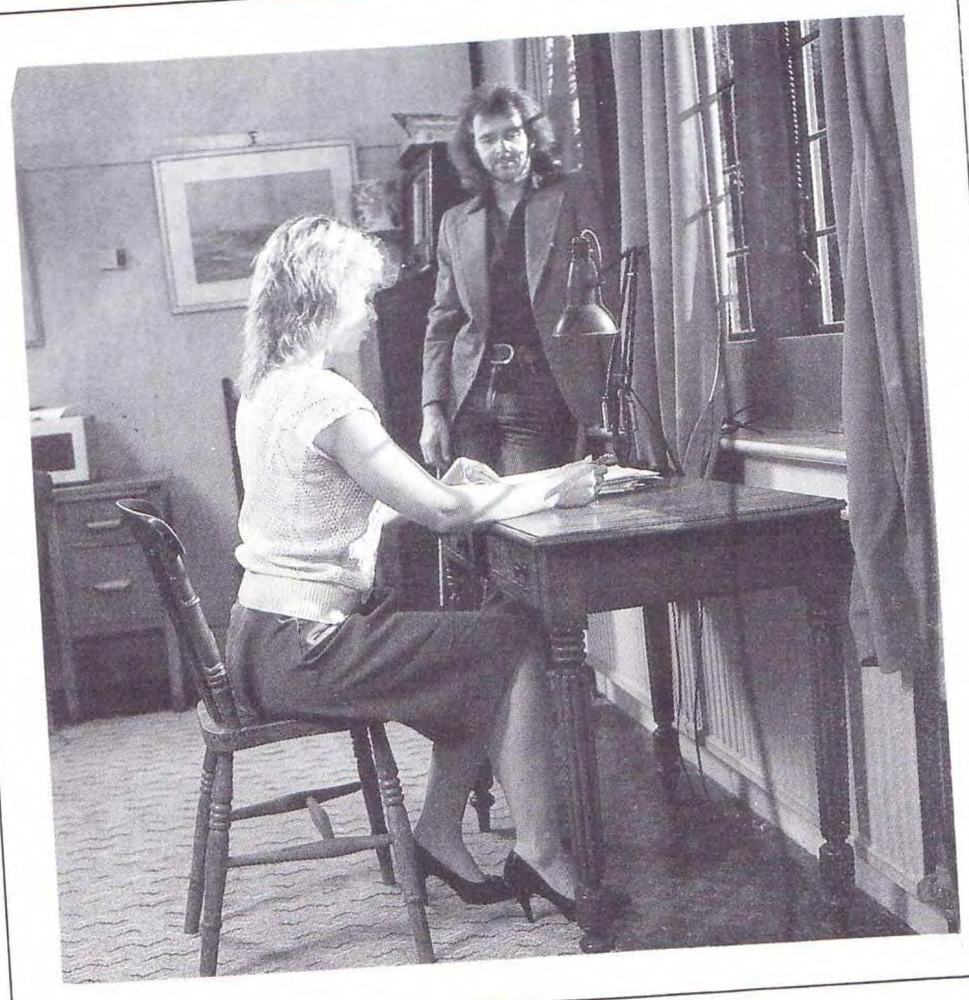
It has been mentioned to Tracey that for the sake of 'realism' it maybe necessary actually to apply palm to bottom or cane to buttock — 'Nothing to worry about, sweetheart. Just enough to make it look 'real' — that's quite important you know.' This information, dropped into the conversation dismissively, has, of course, begun to play on Tracey's mind; she breezes about putting over an act of careless gaiety, but one can tell, you know.

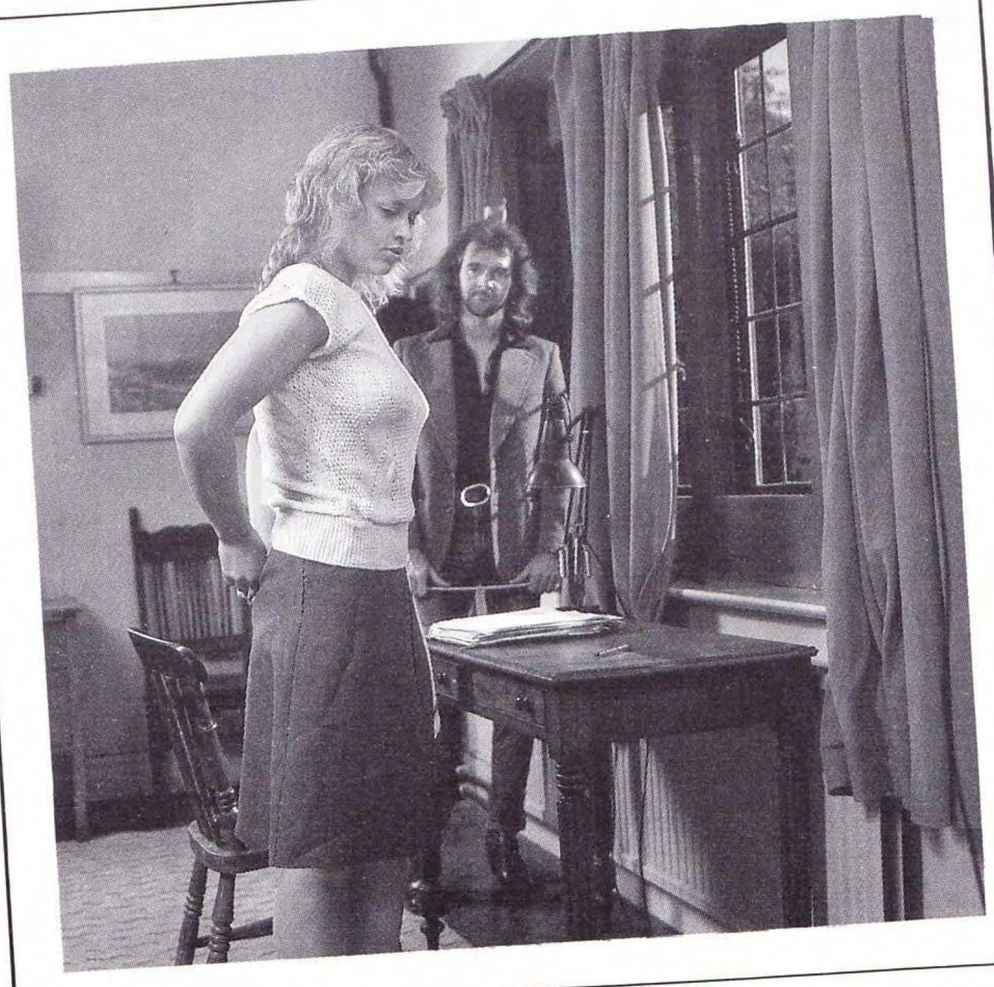




Eventually, as the set is prepared and lights put up, she has to ask; 'Does it actually have to be — you know, too hard?' 'No, no — we just need the hint of a few cane marks. If they're not good enough we'll sort of touch them in with make up. Alright?' Smiles, encouraging words.

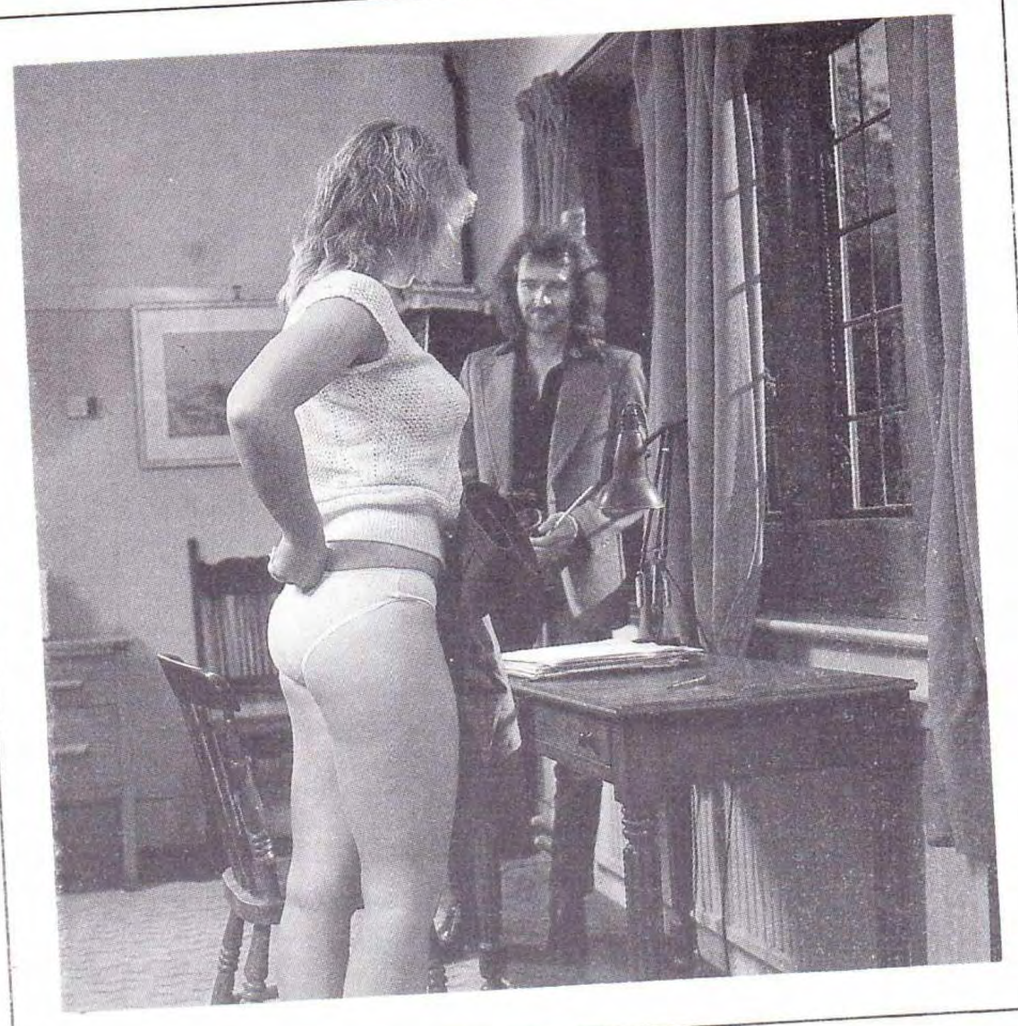






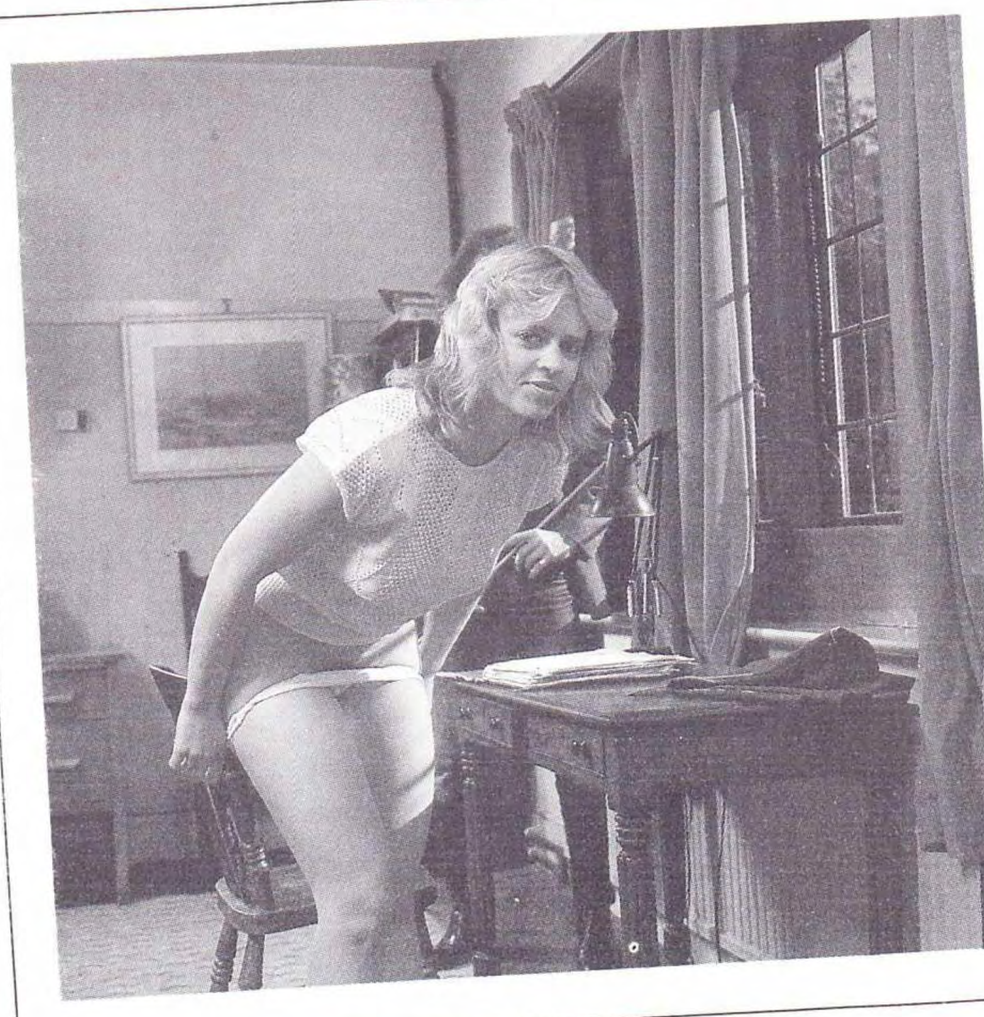
It's not entirely alright, of course, but events are marching along and no-one seems to have time to bother whether Tracey is worrying about her little problem. Tracey pretends not to be sulking, nor worrying, but she is; one *can* tell, you know. As for subsequent events, no doubt the varied expressions on Tracey's pretty face will tell the tale, helped along by the minimum of commentary.











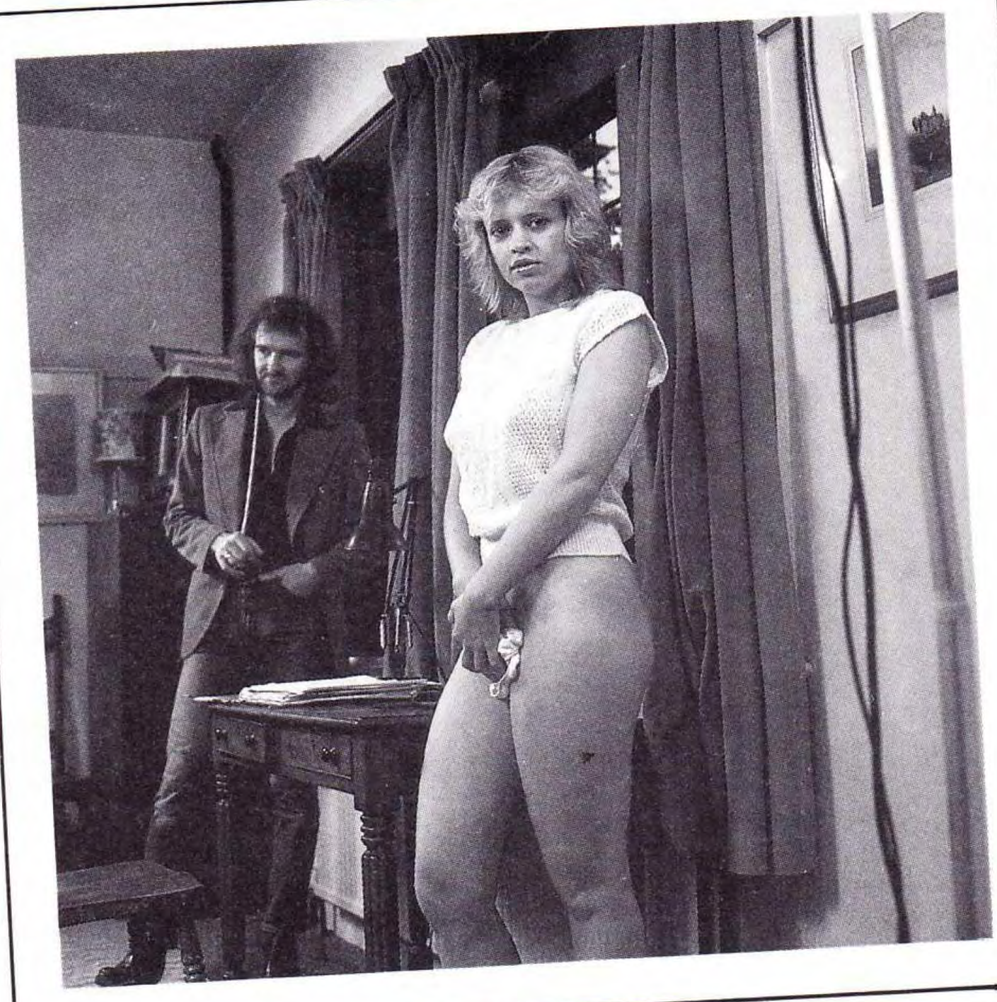
Taking her knickers down isn't too traumatic, unhelpful witticism's from the crew aside — even the cameraman joins in — but there's still the business of that cane, and 'Just enough to make it look real.'

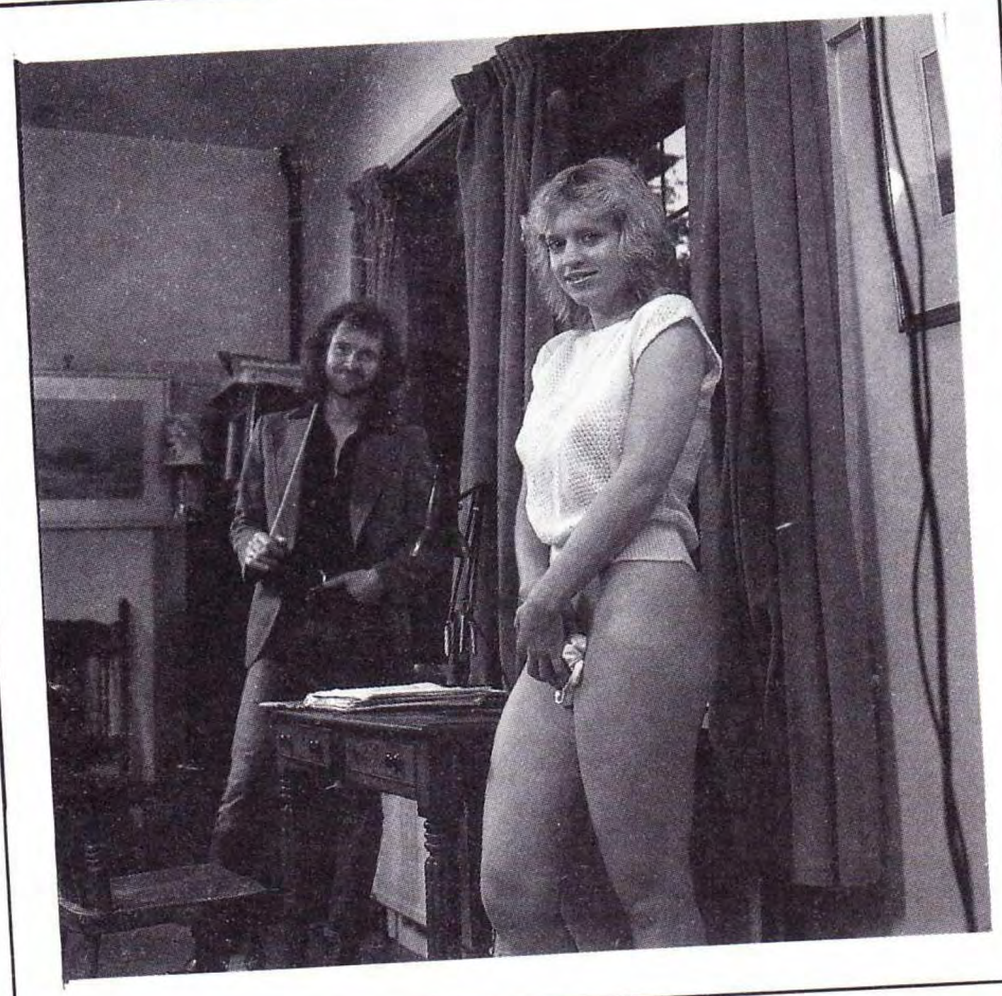




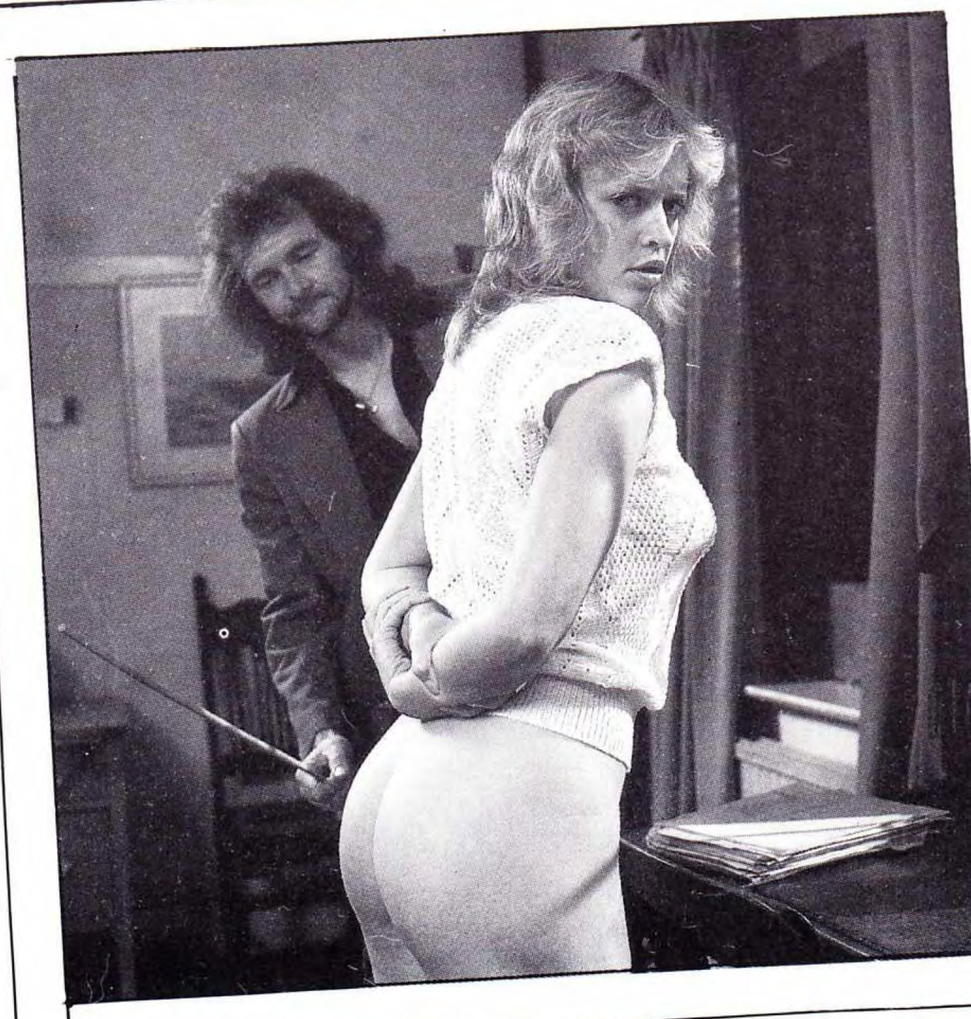


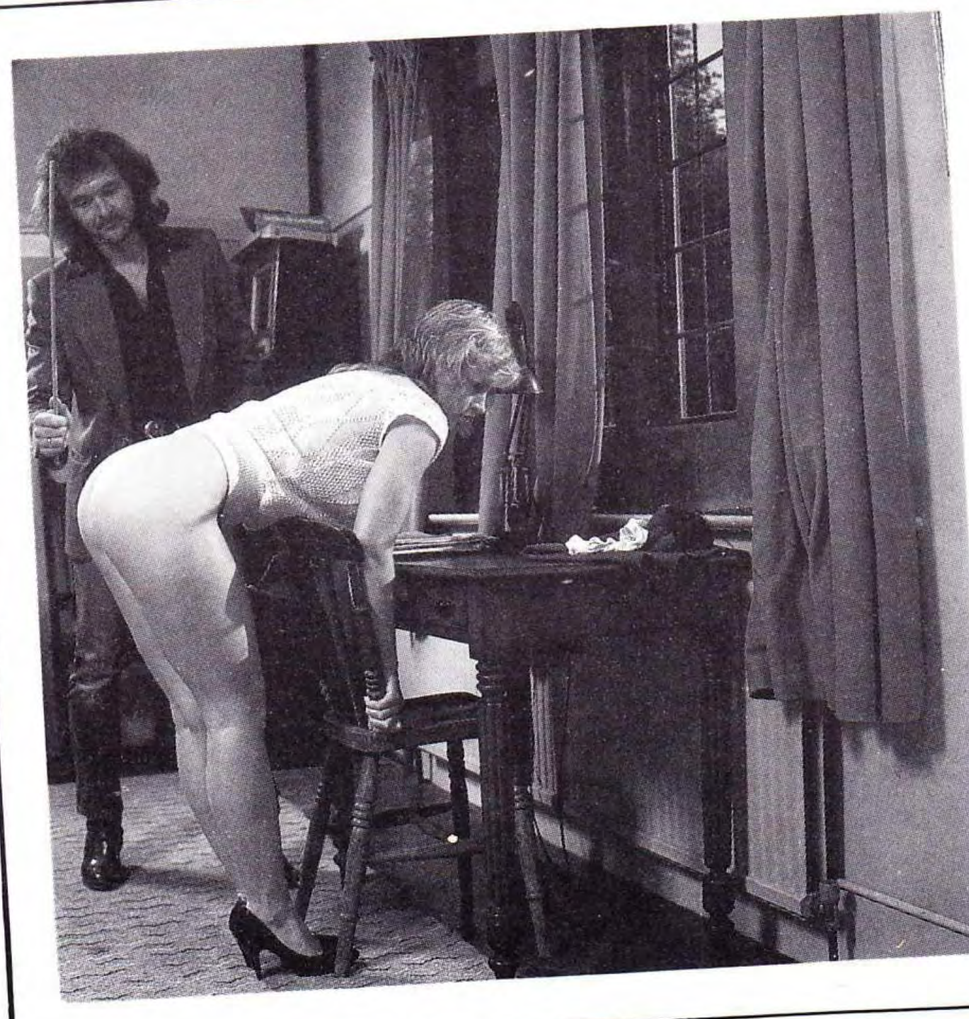




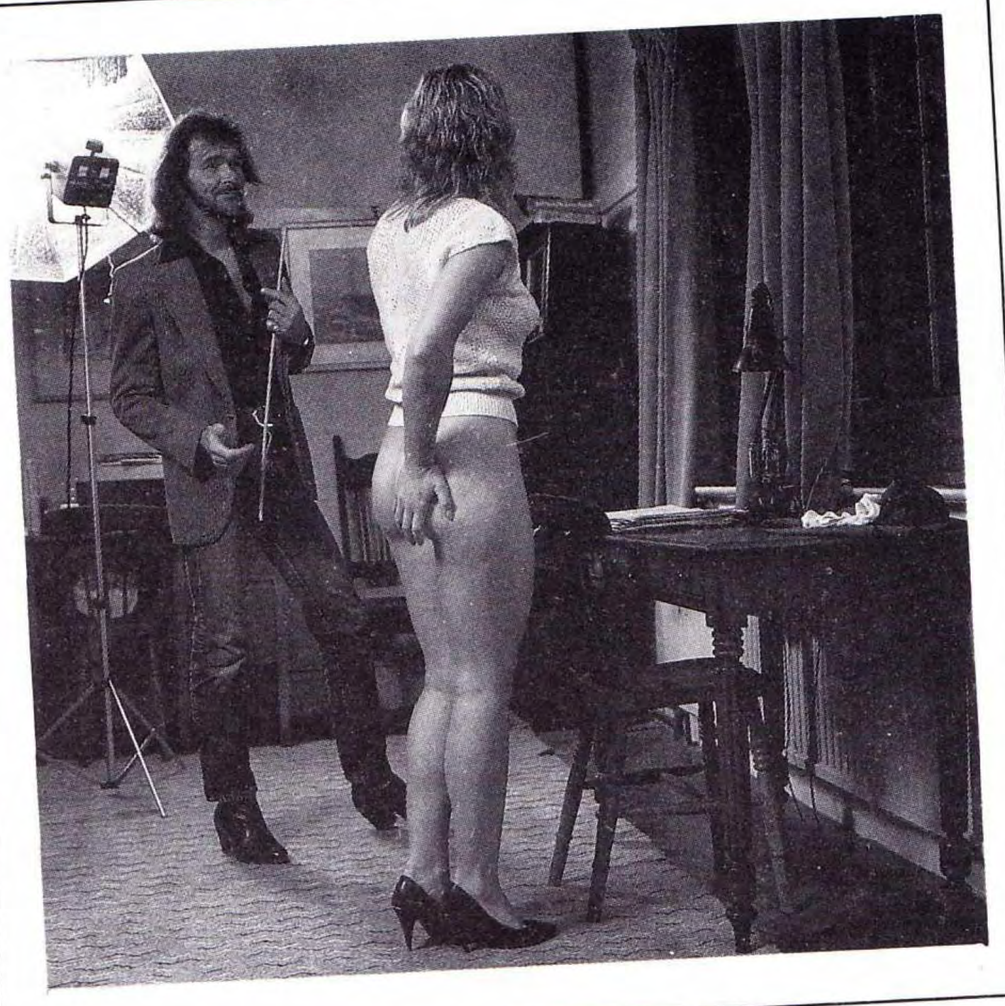




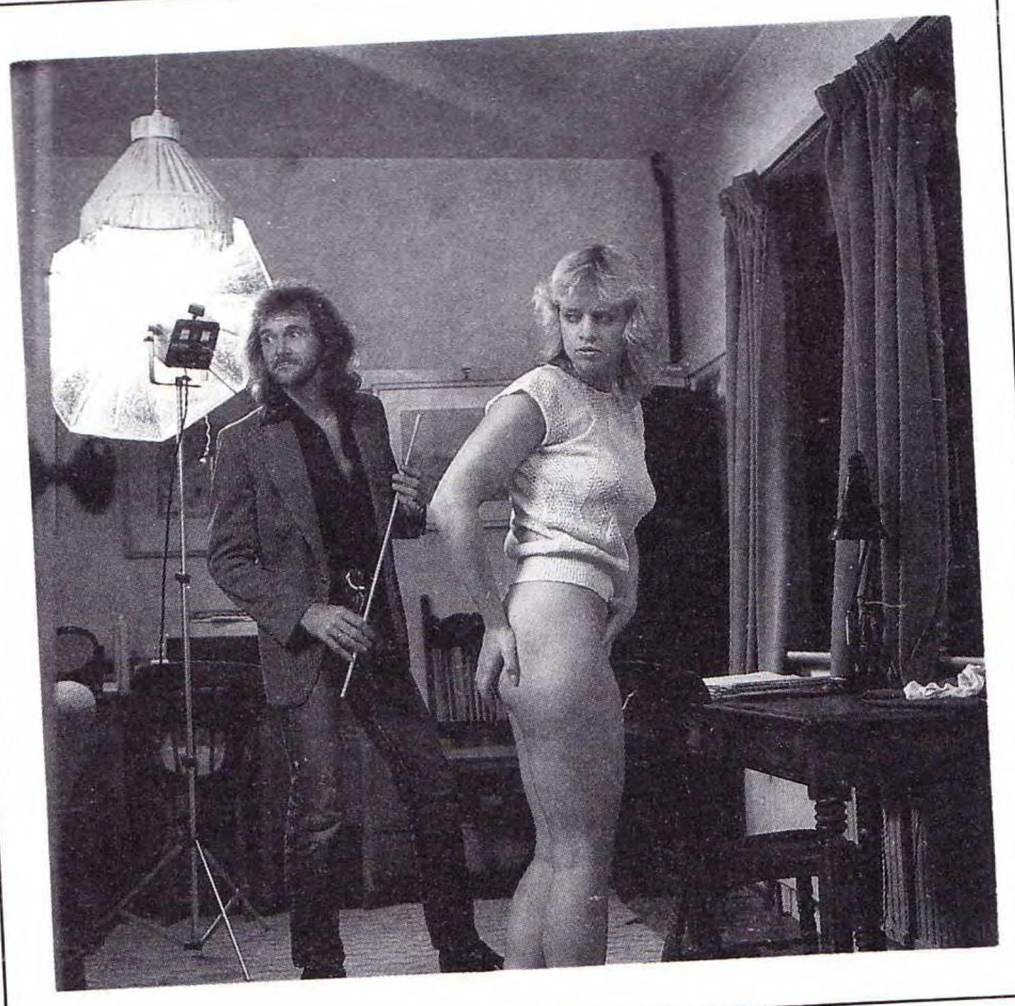


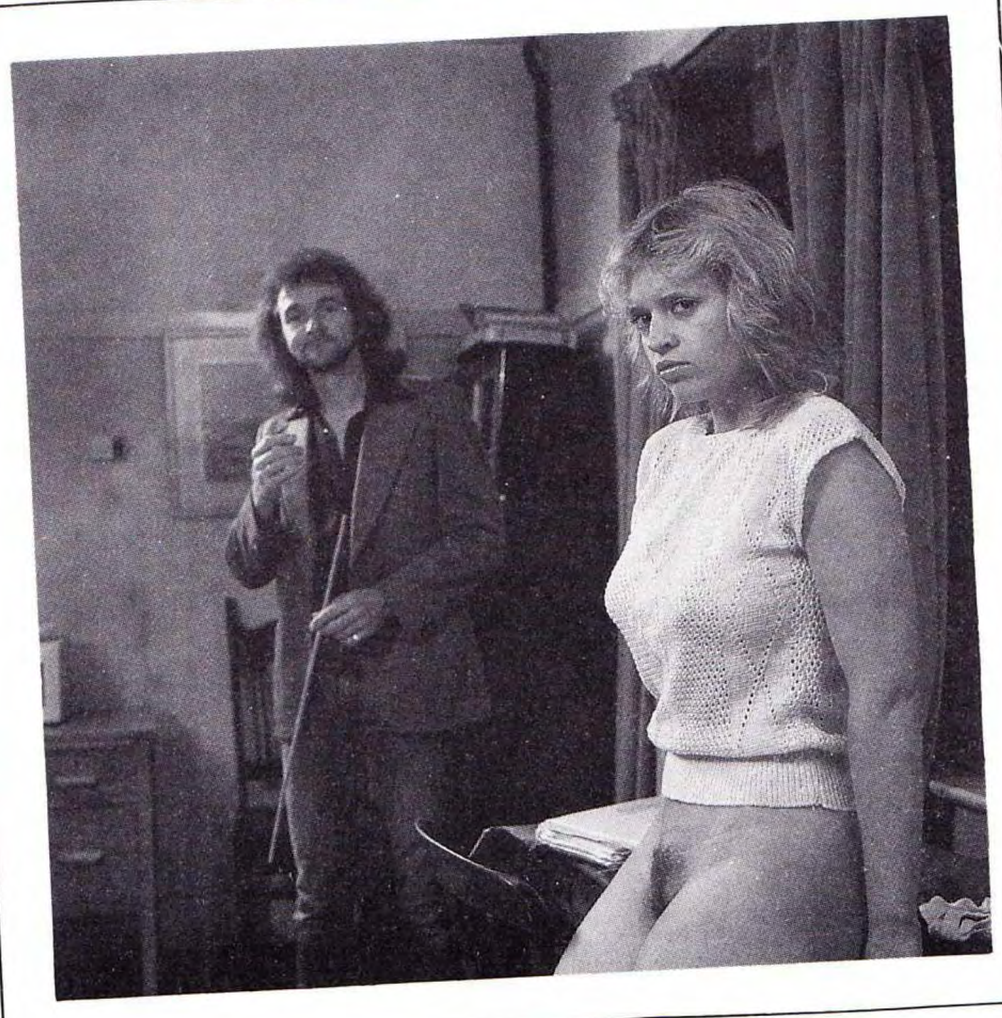


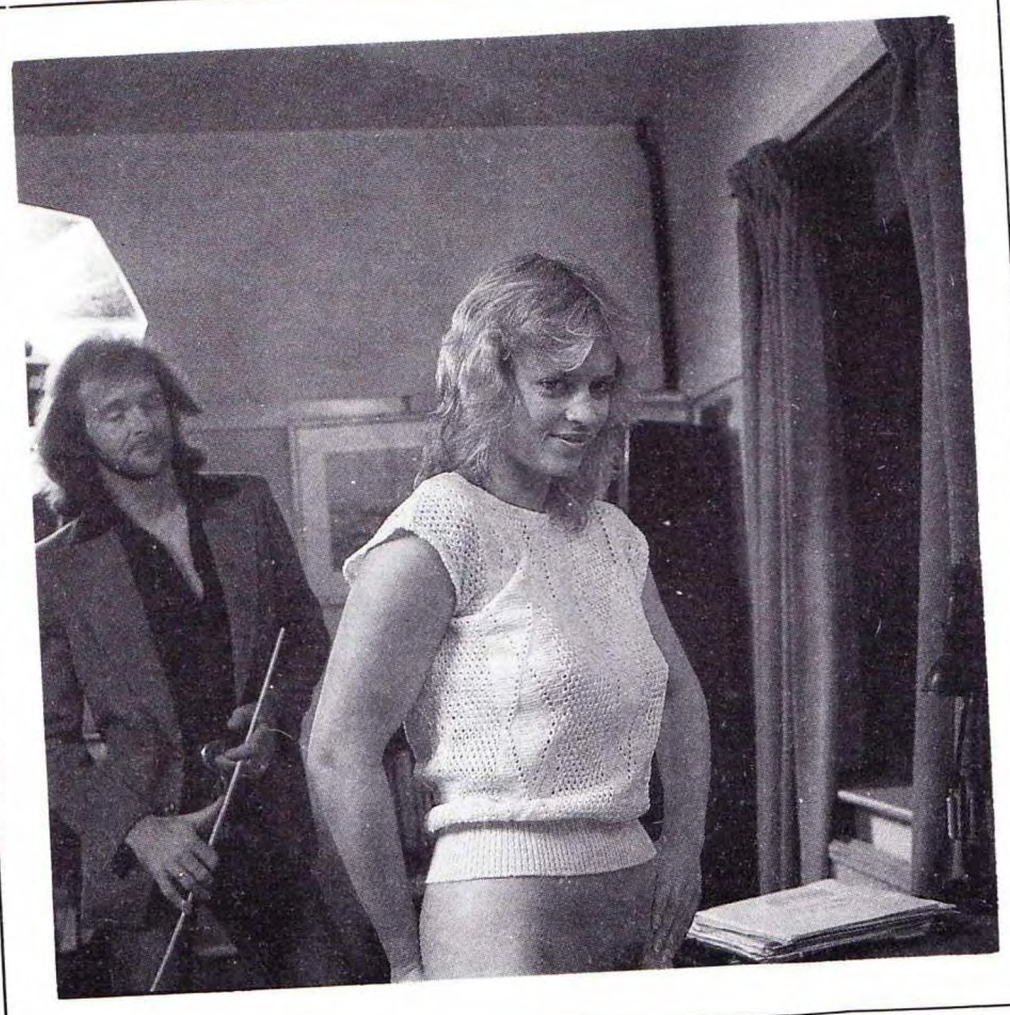




The first stroke, long anticipated. It is, of course, every bit as painful as she'd feared it might be. Ironic applause as Tracey protests; encouragement from the cameraman, the show must go on. 'Well not so damned *hard* then!'





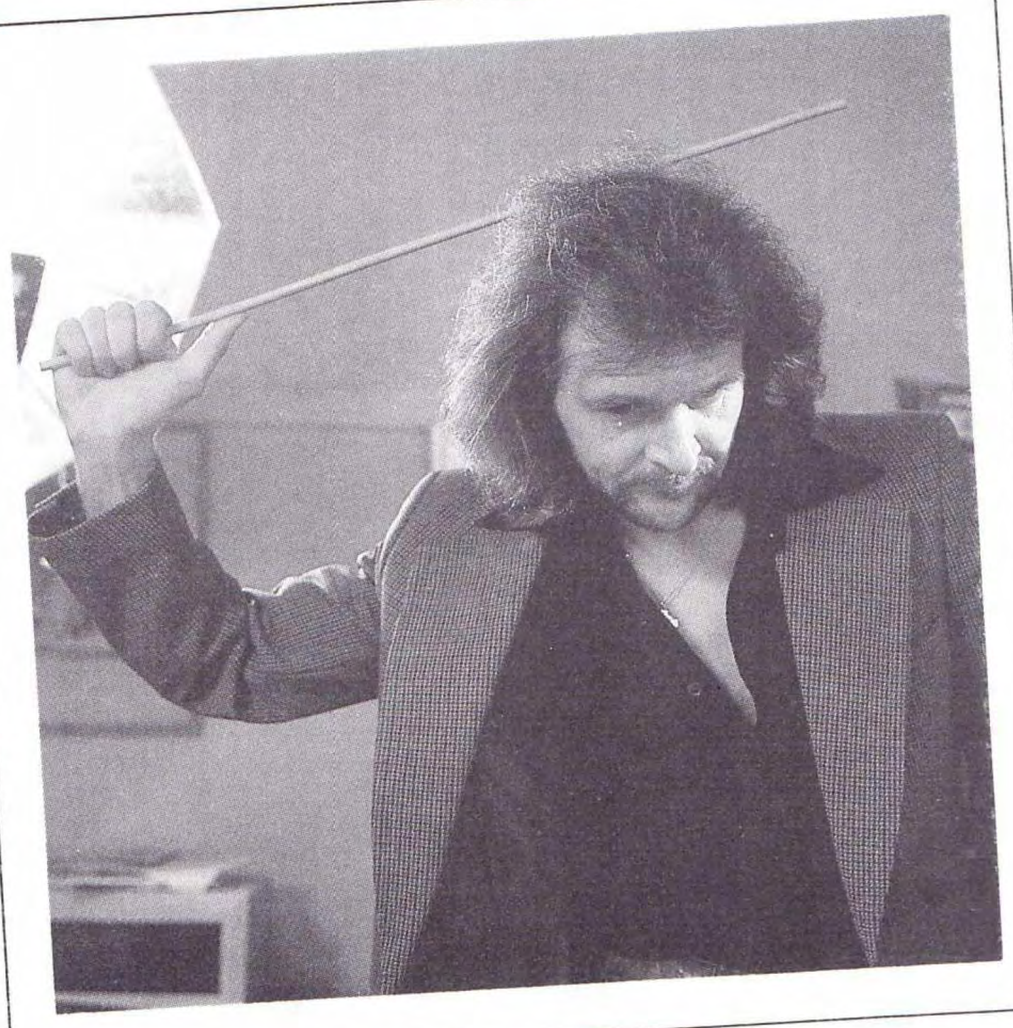








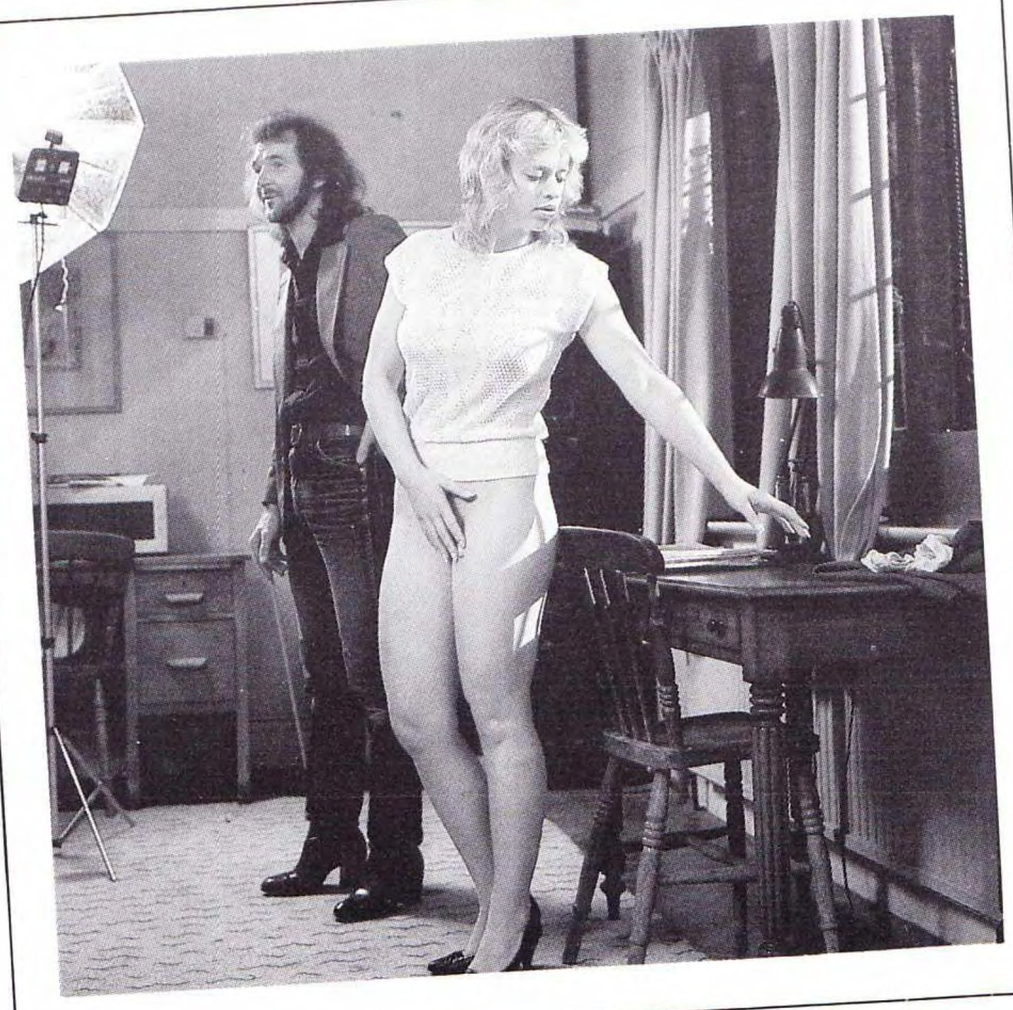






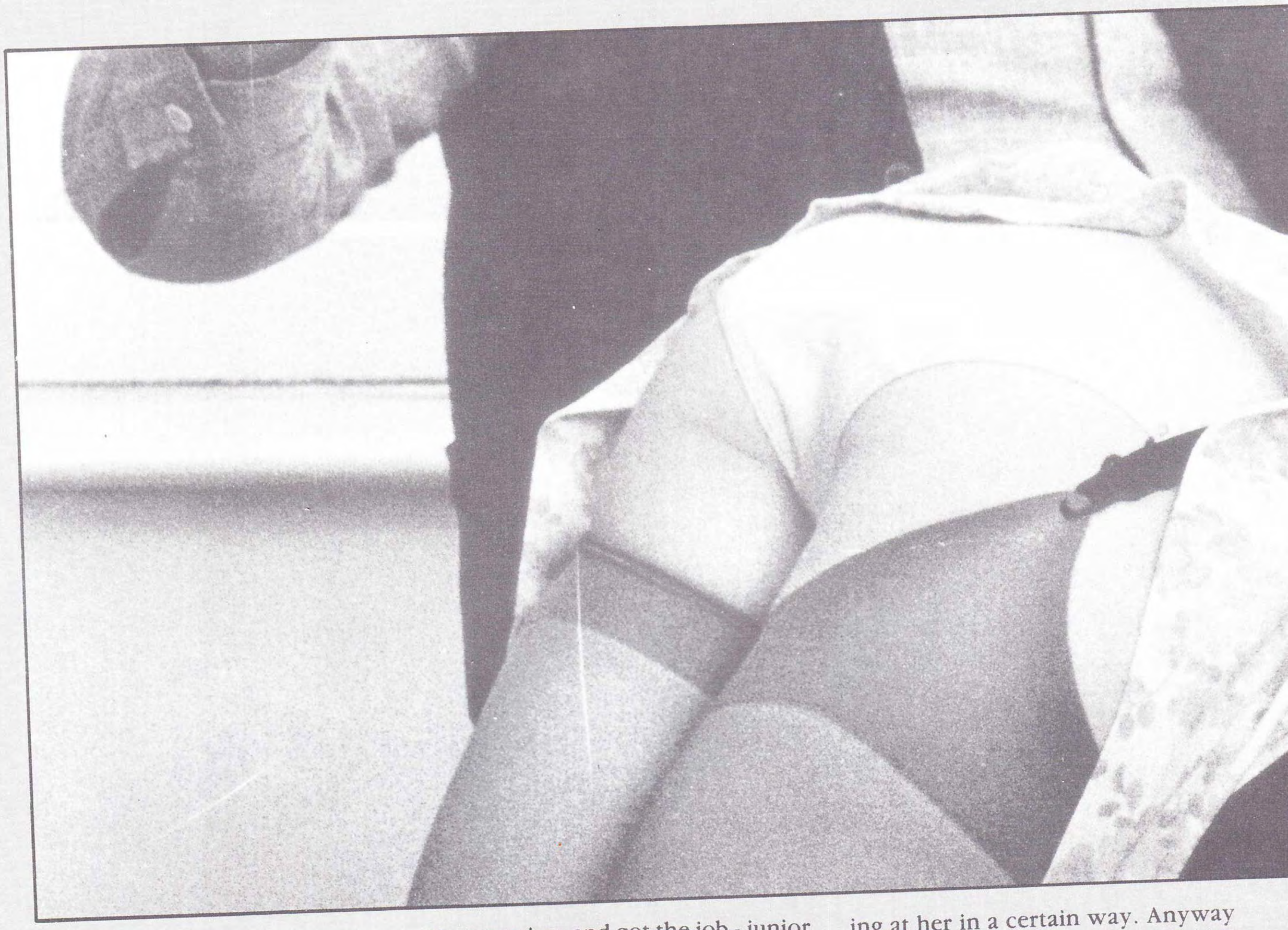






Bravely Tracey struggles; there are no tears, but 'Ooos!' and 'Ouches!' and more complaints. At last it's over, and a sigh of relief. 'Next time' is mentioned; Tracey will think about it. And was it all strictly necessary? Well, of course it wasn't, but much more *fun* that way!

the junior typist...



It had been such a shock, and of course it was Natalie's first job and she'd only been there two weeks — well, it *had* been such a *shock* that she had simply complied and done what Mr Ortonby said: Got over his lap. And then he had just done it. Pulled her skirt up over her back and then skinned her knickers down, and simply started smacking his hand down: Splat!...Splat!... On Natalie's firm and full and very bare bottom.

She was just 18 and certainly pretty with those big blue eyes and the full-lipped mouth and her ash-blonde hair cut short and impish-looking. And she had a nice firm figure too; breasts not too large perhaps but her bottom certainly full and round (a bit *too* full and round, Natalie thought) and a nice pair of quite long legs to go with it all. Her friend Linda said it was this - her looks - which had got Natalie the job at Ortonby's because jobs were not that easy and Natalie's 'O' Levels were nothing to shout about.

But the fact was Natalie had had the interview and got the job - junior typist - and was getting on all right. She was really pleased with it, not just because it was her first job but also her boyfriend, Simon, worked there as well, a trainee assistant, and so they could see quite a bit of each other and have their lunch together.

Yes, she had been getting on really well - until this Friday afternoon two weeks after she started. When Mr Ortonby kept her back at 5 o'clock saying he needed to have a chat. She normally went home with Simon but today he had gone off for the afternoon to see a client, so that was no problem. Afterwards, of course, Natalie wondered if Mr Ortonby had sent Simon off deliberately.

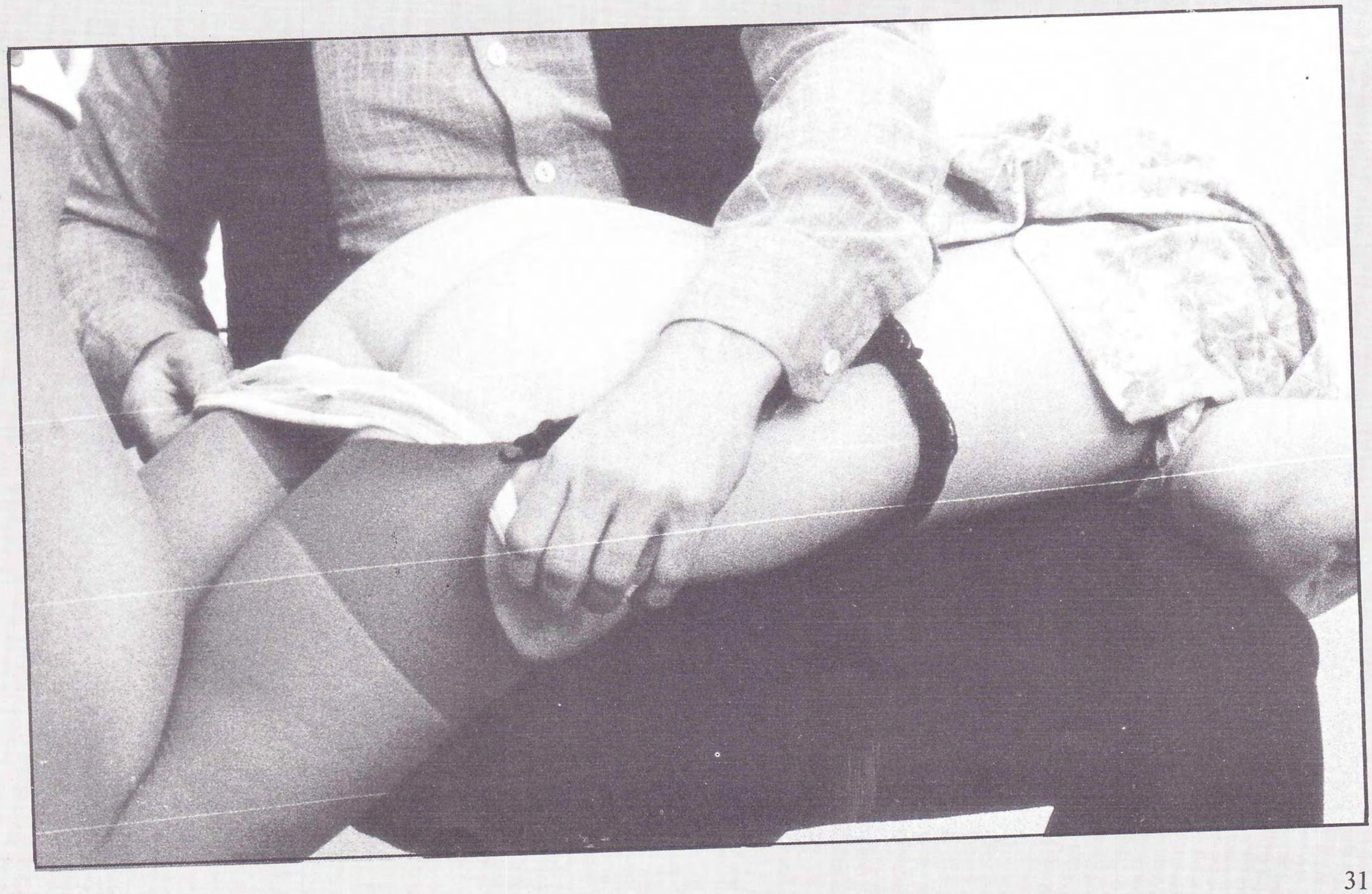
He was all right, Mr Ortonby, or so she had thought before. In his fifties perhaps and going bald and sort of ordinary looking, but he was the head of the firm after his father, old Mr Ortonby, had retired two years ago. He could be a bit gruff at times but he had been OK with Natalie. Not saying a lot to her — but perhaps now you came to think about it looking at her in a certain way. Anyway in his office it had not taken him long to get to the point.

After first saying that she seemed in general to be settling in all right, he said there were however one or two things that had come to his notice. Nothing too serious in the normal course of events but he would have to note them down in her report for the probationary period. And the thing was she was a supernumary at the moment and young Mrs Astley who had gone off on maternity leave *was* now coming back and so...

This was all news to Natalie and the details rather went over her head. But the gist of it seemed to be that she could be asked to leave after that probationary period was up.

This had really rocked Natalie back on her feet, especially as she had thought she was doing so well. While she was still feeling the shock he went on, 'But of course I don't *have* to put it in the report. I could deal with the matter unofficially myself.' Then he had said it. That instead he could simply spank her bot-







tom and that would settle it.

On reflection it might seem a bit strange. Mr Ortonby *was* the boss so you would think he didn't have to bother about writing things in reports and probationary periods. But all Natalie could think about — so far as she could think straight — was that she didn't want to have to leave. And so she had just said 'Yes' when he asked if she agreed. Red-faced and feeling a bit miserable but what real choice was there?

It was quite, quite awful, one awful thing after the other. Mr Ortonby hauling her skirt up and her slip as well and then naturally being able to see her knickers which were tight and quite brief blushing-pink ones, a bit see-through in fact. But see-through or not didn't really matter because he was *taking them down*. Skinning them off of her plump bottom so that he could see that as well. And then of course the very worst thing of all. Mr Ortonby's *hand* on her *bare bottom*. Fondling a bit at first and then smacking.

Smacking really hard, not patting or anything, just as hard as he could it seemed. Really cracking his hand down; really knocking the stuffing out of her. It wasn't long before the tears were flooding out. The pain; the shock; the awful humiliation: it was all much too much.

After an age, it seemed, Natalie was being stood on her feet. She was quite devastated; Mr Ortonby, quite pink in the face, merely looked pleased with himself.

'Very good, young lady. I think that will do for the moment. Make you think twice, eh? Keep you up to scratch.'

Natalie saw Simon that evening though she didn't really feel like going out. Ever since that dreadful spanking she hadn't been able to think of anything else, her head was in a complete spin. What if anyone else found out that he had done it? Her mother? Simon even? Not that they *could* find out hopefully.

Simon, round at his house, seemed in a strange mood. Tense. Natalie of course was tense as well. She asked how things had gone with his client and he said OK. Then he gave her a funny look. How had things gone at the office in the afternoon?

Natalie said 'Oh, OK' trying to make it sound offhand. There was no reason why it shouldn't have been OK, routine. Except that...

Simon gave a little laugh. 'What about Mr Ortonby?'

Natalie said 'What?' but couldn't help flushing.

'Didn't he do anything?'

'What?' she said again, now feeling a prickling in her skin.

Then Simon said it. 'Did he smack your bum?'

Somehow Natalie found herself saying 'What?' again, as if it wasn't clear what 'smack your bum' meant. But her face must have made it quite clear that he had.

Simon said, 'I knew he was going to. That old bugger.'

'What? What do you mean?' The fact that Simon knew made it twice as bad, bringing it all back with a horrible clarity. But how *did* he know?

'Mr Ortonby likes smacking girls' bums. Everyone knows that.'

Everyone? 'Well quite a few people. I didn't tell you before. I...well, I thought it best for you just to find out. I mean it's nothing really, is it; just his little thing. And anyway...'

Yes it seemed Simon had known, or suspected, all along. It finally came out that it was even worse than



that. Mr Ortonby had seen Natalie at the office party with Simon, that was before she started work there. Mr Ortonby, it seemed, had *suggested* to Simon that Natalie apply for the job. So that meant...

Simon looked distinctly embarrassed when Natalie finally got this out of him.

'It's nothing to get excited about,' he said. 'You got a job and also...'

Also what?

Also Simon was more likely to get promotion. Natalie couldn't believe it. 'Don't be stupid,' Simon retorted when she said it was using her like a...well, like a prostitute. But it *was*.

'Don't be stupid,' he said again. 'He's not screwing you and he doesn't want to. I told you he just likes smacking bums.'

'Well he's not going to smack *mine* anymore,' Natalie blurted, in tears now.

They had an almighty argument, the worst they'd ever had. Natalie tried to insist that she wouldn't let Mr Ortonby do it again but Simon was equally adamant that she had to. If she didn't he probably *would* sack her and find someone more amenable to his 'little whims'. And where would she got another job? Also he, Simon, wouldn't get his promotion and where would they both be then?

'We certainly wouldn't be able to afford to get married or anything,' Simon stated.

Natalie was still crying. Dabbing at her eyes she asked, 'How can you *bear* for him to do that to me?'

Simon said again that it wasn't anything really. Nothing to get excited about.

'And you said everybody knew.'

This time Simon said well they didn't really. One or two people that was all. 'No one's going to say anything.'

Natalie felt really *sick*.

Next morning it felt like everyone at work was looking at her. Looks which said: 'Ah, Natalie Stevens. Mr Ortonby had her knickers down yesterday afternoon.' Perhaps she was imagining it but she had that feeling. Quite early on she had to take some work in to Mr Ortonby. He gave her a smugly smiling look.

'Ah, the lovely Natalie. Come round here, where I can see you.'

She reluctantly went round to stand at Mr Ortonby's side. 'That's it, yes.' His hand patted her bottom, and then went down to the back of her knee. Natalie felt a panicky urge to run — out of his office, out of Ortonby & Son Limited — but she didn't. She stood still. As he looked through her typing Mr Ortonby's hand started sliding up under her skirt. Up the warm, bare thighs and onto her tight knickers.

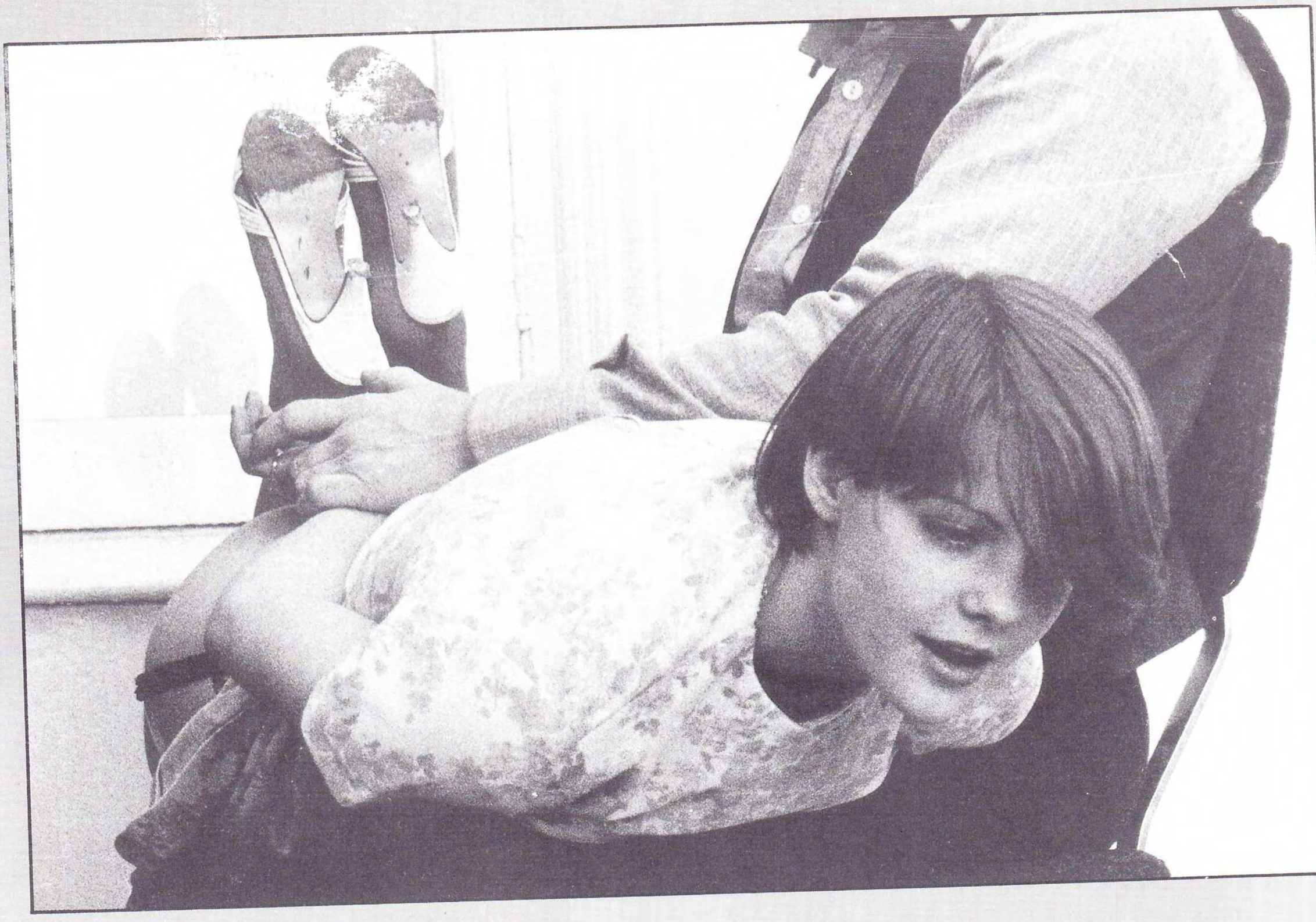
'Good girl,' he murmured, his fingers jiggling her bottom. Then he said he would like to see her tomorrow morning, round at his house.

Tomorrow of course was Saturday. Natalie started to protest but Mr Ortonby cut her short.

'Natalie, I'm sure we're going to be sensible. You'll do very well with us if you're sensible, and more to the point so will that boyfriend of yours. All you have to do is be a nice co-operative girl.'

The fingers gave her bottom a sharp pinch. 'Now what I said, Natalie dear, was that I wanted to see you round at my place tomorrow. Ten o'clock, shall we say? I think you can find it.'

Natalie told Simon who made a face. 'Well, it's nothing to worry about. He's not going to *do*



anything, is he?'

Simon clearly didn't care; all he was bothered about was his own promotion. Natalie blinked away tears.

When she got there the next morning Mr Ortonby gave her a neatly folded bundle of clothes. He said she was to put them on, she could use one of the bedrooms.

It was a uniform. A white blouse and grey skirt and blue-and-grey stiped tie; white knee socks and black strap-over shoes. There was also something else, a strip of pink nylon. It was one of those thong things that she vaguely knew women sometimes wore instead of proper knickers. Natalie gulped, her eyes darting round the bedroom. What could she do: jump out of the window? Slowly she began to take her clothes off.

She hesitated over the thong but clearly he meant her to put it on and if she didn't...It felt awful, indecent: a thin strip of nylon that barely covered her pussy and went between the cheeks of her bottom at the back leaving her bum quite bare. The shoes, she found, fitted. Natalie glanced in a mirror, shuddered, then crept on tiptoe down the stairs.

Mr Ortonby was waiting in his lounge, his face pink, excited looking.

'Ah, Miss Stevens. Mr Cartwright has sent you to me. Homework not done. I shall have to deal with it, of course. Come here.'

Mr Ortonby made her get over his lap, as he had in his office. He jerked up her skirt.

'Oh dear me. What is this indecent garment? Whatever are things coming to? Oh dear me, this calls for something special, I am afraid.'

Something special was the cane. After Mr Ortonby had first given Natalie's bare bottom a good spanking of course. She yelped that she wasn't going to take the cane but Mr Ortonby just treated that as part of his game. 'You naughty girl, what do you mean *you won't*? Don't try and add insubordination to your already serious offences.'

He produced a cane — a long, thin, wicked-looking object — and made Natalie bend over the arm of an armchair. The skirt was yanked back up again over her back. And then he simply whipped that dreadful cane in. Squarely across the already tenderised flesh of Natalie's bare [illegible]. The pain was ferocious. The second stroke, almost on top of the first, was even worse. She screamed out but for Mr Ortonby it was just a marvellous game. He gave her six. 'Six of the best,' he said.

Later that day Natalie tearfully told Simon what had happened. He said 'Bloody Hell!' and then 'Let's have a look.' She didn't want to but up in his bedroom Simon made Natalie show him her bottom — and the six red stripes that were still very evident. Simon made sympathetic sounds but Natalie knew he wasn't really sympathetic, he was just excited. Almost at once he wanted to do it, to screw her.

In a way that was the worst thing of all: Simon all hot and horny because Mr Ortonby had caned her bare bottom. Natalie didn't want to do it, she wasn't turned on at all but Simon insisted.

Afterwards she said tearfully, 'I'm not going to let him do it again.' and she really did mean it at the time, but, well —



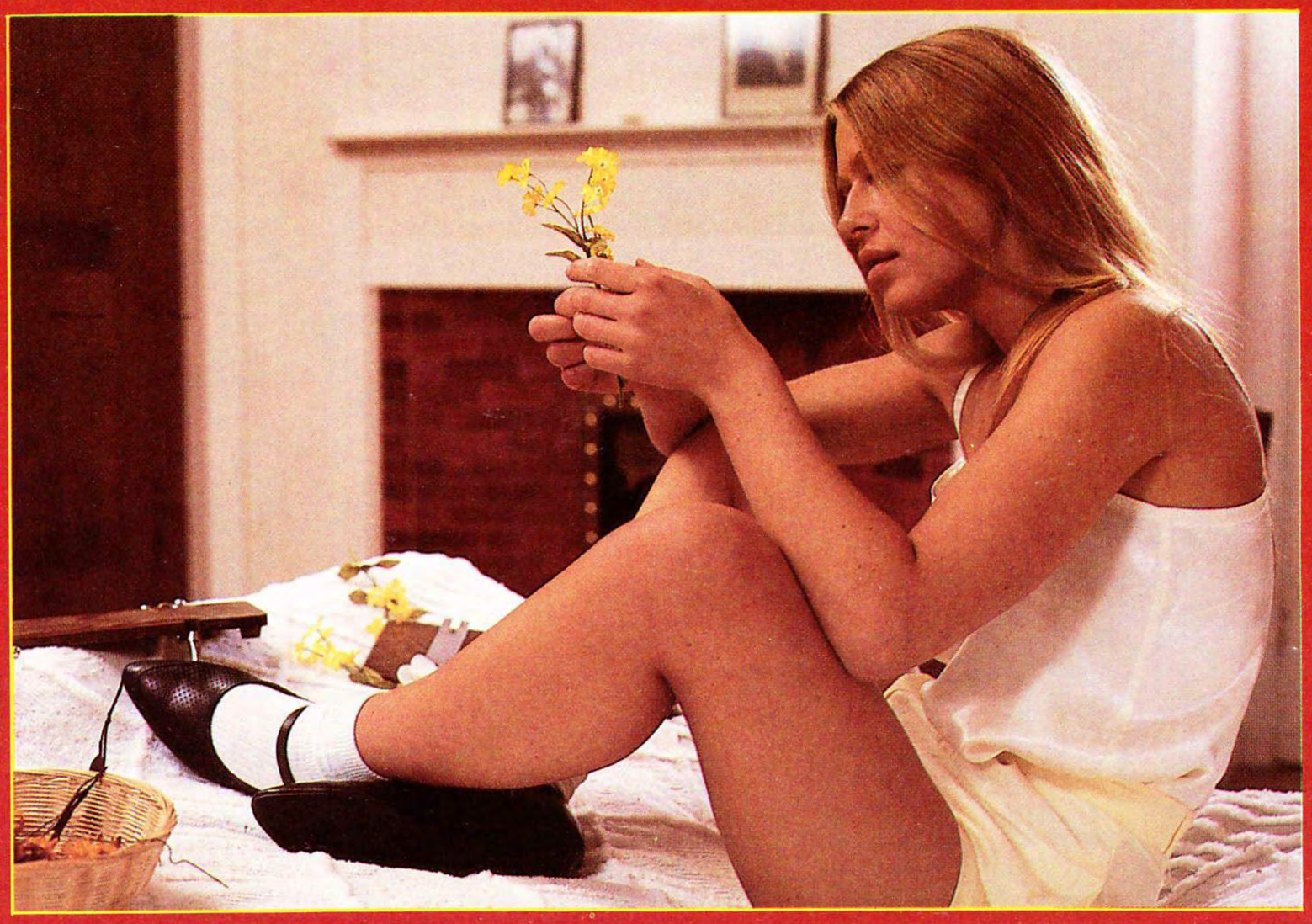
BY A FINGERTIP

The shorts were — well, tiny was the only word that could possibly be applied to them; tiny and tight and embarrassingly high-cut both before and behind. Fresh on they had been crisp and neat, even if over-snug, but now, after what must have been fifteen minutes of 'Bolero's' insistent, lilting rhythm — the brass was beginning to bray from the speakers and the timpani were forcing the pace along — they were fine-creased along the valleys of her groin at either side, with other creases darting in from the straining side-seams in counterpoint every time she bent at the hips, legs straight and wide apart, back hollowed despite the forward stoop so that her bottom sat up perkily, head held as high as possible even as she swung side-to-side from the waist and touched her toes with opposite hands; now, the little shorts were damp with her perspiration and threads popped everytime she swept down to brush her toes with her fingertips. But she kept at it, breathing hard, her long pony-tail swishing across her shoulders, sometimes tossing forward over her face until she stood up for the arms-above-the-head and back-bend bit which pulled those silly shorts up indecently tight between her legs and let him see the soft under-fullness of her tits, sometimes even a nipple, as the lifting of her arms raised the purposely-shortened, half-length vest, but about which there was nothing to be done if she were to maintain the rhythm.

She would — she would — she would, even if she was running out of breath and hot-cheeked and feeling swimmy in the head from the exertion and all that swooping down and swinging back up; she would — she would — she would, because if she didn't, right to the end of the piece, there would be another smarting spank from the eighteen-inch wooden ruler which had already visited her bent-over bum thirty or forty times since the first fluted notes had trilled from the stereo speakers.

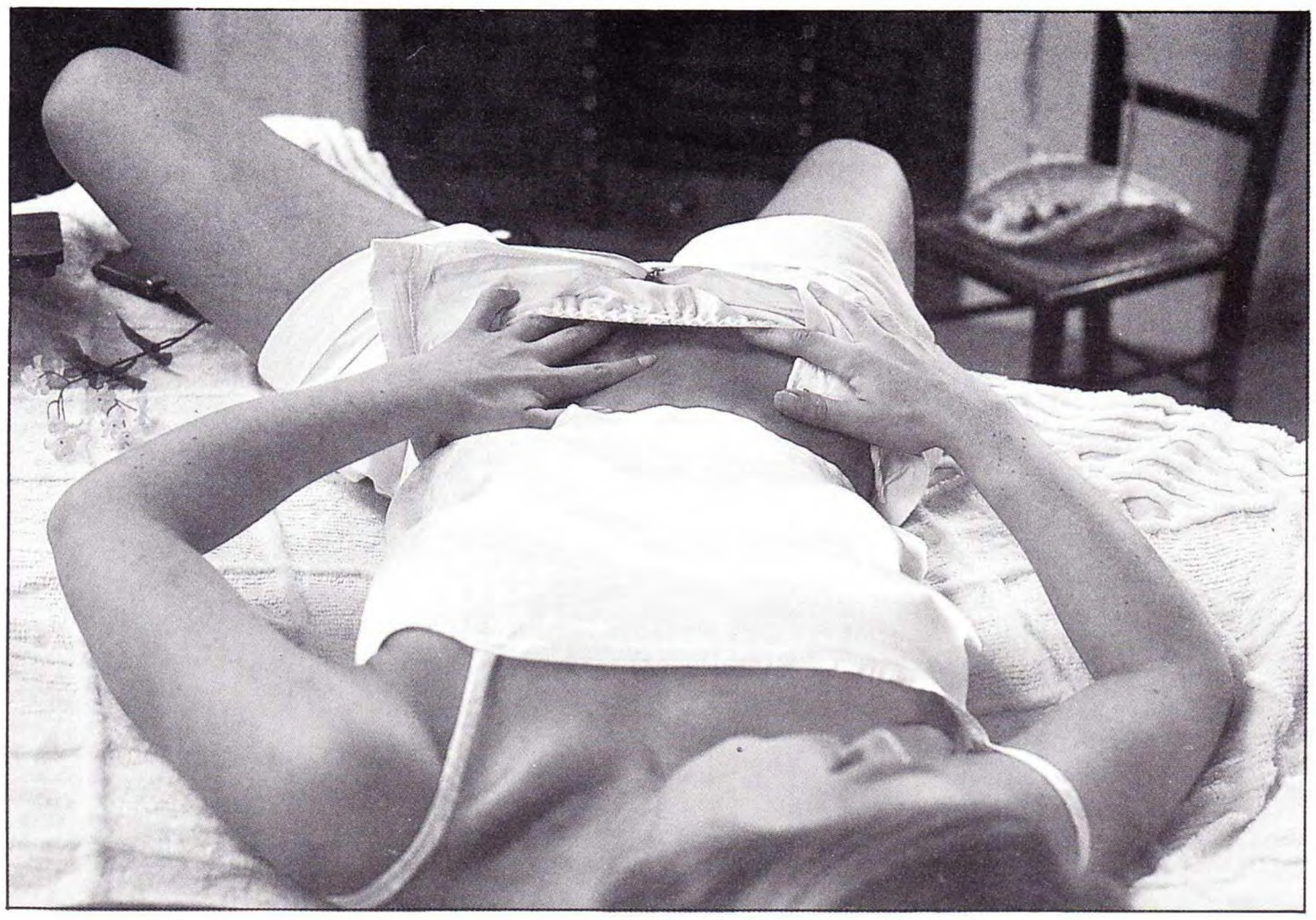
In snatched glimpses between her legs — forward, swing, swing — and out of the corners of her eyes — back, sway, sway — she could see him behind her, the ruler poised in his hand, — forward, swing, swing — upside-down face with glinting spectacles — Smack!! — A gasp, a panted protest — 'Oh, ohh-ooh!' — back, sway, sway — at the edge of her vision — forward, swing — Crack!! — 'Ah, ooo, ooo!' — a toe untouched, a trembliness of the taut-muscled thighs — back, sway, sway.

'Come on, girl! Don't lose concentration!' Her firm young bottom squeezed it's tight buttocks together, then she had to swoop forward













again, hollowing her back, pushing her heels down to keep her knees unbent, bottom sticking up, defenceless, stinging, more bare than not, silly shorts yanked so tight that the back seam tucked right into her bum-cleft and the diagonal up-sweep of the legs pinched tight across her tender-pink buttocks; the ruler smacked again, hard, and her knees folded inwards; a hand wandered distractedly towards the cheek which caught most of the sting —

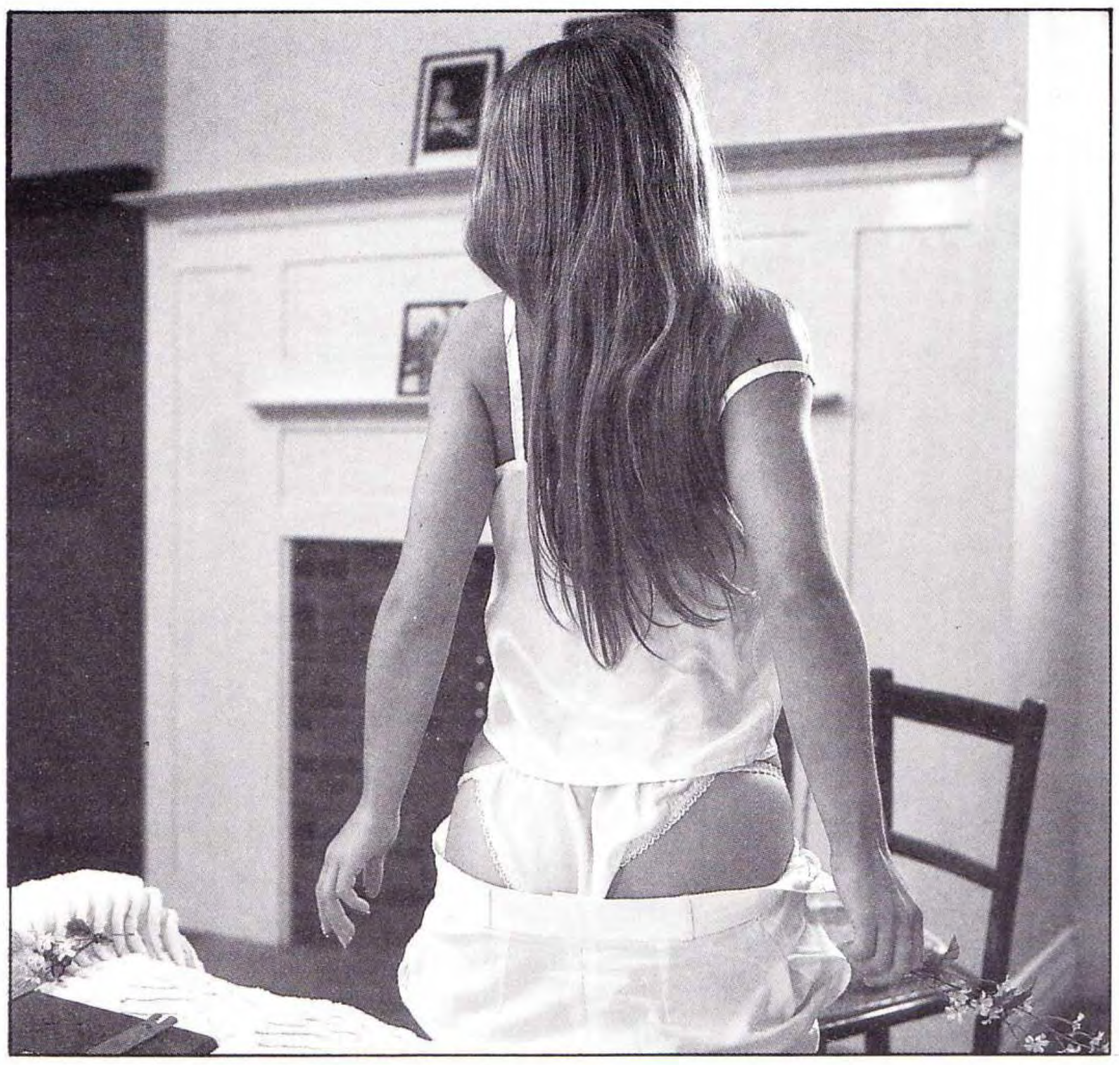
'Don't you *dare!*' Gasping, open-mouthed, bum-cheeks flinching at anticipated spanks which didn't come — yet — Sally soldiered on —

* * * *

Exercise is only part of Mr Hoskins' routine. After her morning at the piano — that's what she is doing in this man's house, supposedly tuning herself up for the Young Musician of the Year Competition in two months time — Sally is now sitting on a low wall out in the garden, stringing together a daisy chain whilst she waits for Mr Hoskins to come down from the house and do the afternoon lecture on 'motivation'. Mr Hoskins is known to be extremely good at this psychology business, which is why her aunt has consigned her to this ten weeks 'fine tuning' with the acknowledged master of the art. Sally's aunt has for years been determined that her niece will win the 'Young Musician'; Sally is now coming on nineteen and there isn't too much time left — Mr Hoskins is Auntie's last resort. Sally pouts miserably and wishes away the weeks till she can escape the awfulness of Mr Hoskins' regime.

Sore bottoms aren't any longer Sally's only problem. Yesterday, which was Saturday and therefore only a half-day of tuition, was when Mr Hoskins caught her doing 'it'. Sally has, of course, argued — shamefacedly, humiliatedly and blushingly — but argued that her doing 'it' really has nothing to do with Young Musician of the Year, Mr Hoskins or anyone else. Mr Hoskins has not seen it that way; he has raised the several spectres of, 'dissipation of effort,', 'concentration loss' and 'wrong mental attitude' and has even telephoned Auntie to report the aforesaid lapse, and to suggest that, however, the problem might be susceptible to the solution he has in mind. Auntie has not requested details; 'I'm sure you know best, dear Mr Hoskins. Sally is entirely in your hands.'

The same blush of yesterday is on Sally's fresh cheeks now as Mr Hoskins crepe-soles along the path then sits down beside her, an uncon-













vincing smile of encouragement looking out of place.

'Well now —' It's awful, of course. No matter her objections of yesterday that it is nothing to do with anyone if she feels the need to do a few finger exercises of her own devising. Mr Hoskins puts things into neat little logical packages that an innocent's mind finds it impossible to unwrap, even when the speciousness of the reasoning is fairly plain. In a few minutes Mr Hoskins has expounded his theory, and Sally has managed no adequate refutation of any of his precepts; with considerable misgivings and not a few self-pitying tears, Sally agrees it will be necessary to re-enact the entire event — yes, including even the actual physical repetition of the lapse itself — the 'discovery' — Mr Hoskins coming in and 'catching her at it' — and then, and this is the theraputic follow-on which Mr Hoskins deems necessary — there is to be an 'expurgation', awfulness of awfulness, awfulnesses, which is to centre around Sally's performing of the 'regrettable act' itself whilst this performance is watched by Mr Hoskins, from close quarters; this is designed to make Sally's mind associate 'it' with thoughts of humiliation — she's pretty certain it'll achieve *that* — and to make her feel guilty — since it will be in Mr Hoskins' presence — about her ingratitude in daring to allow herself even to think of self-gratification when others are doing so much on her behalf.

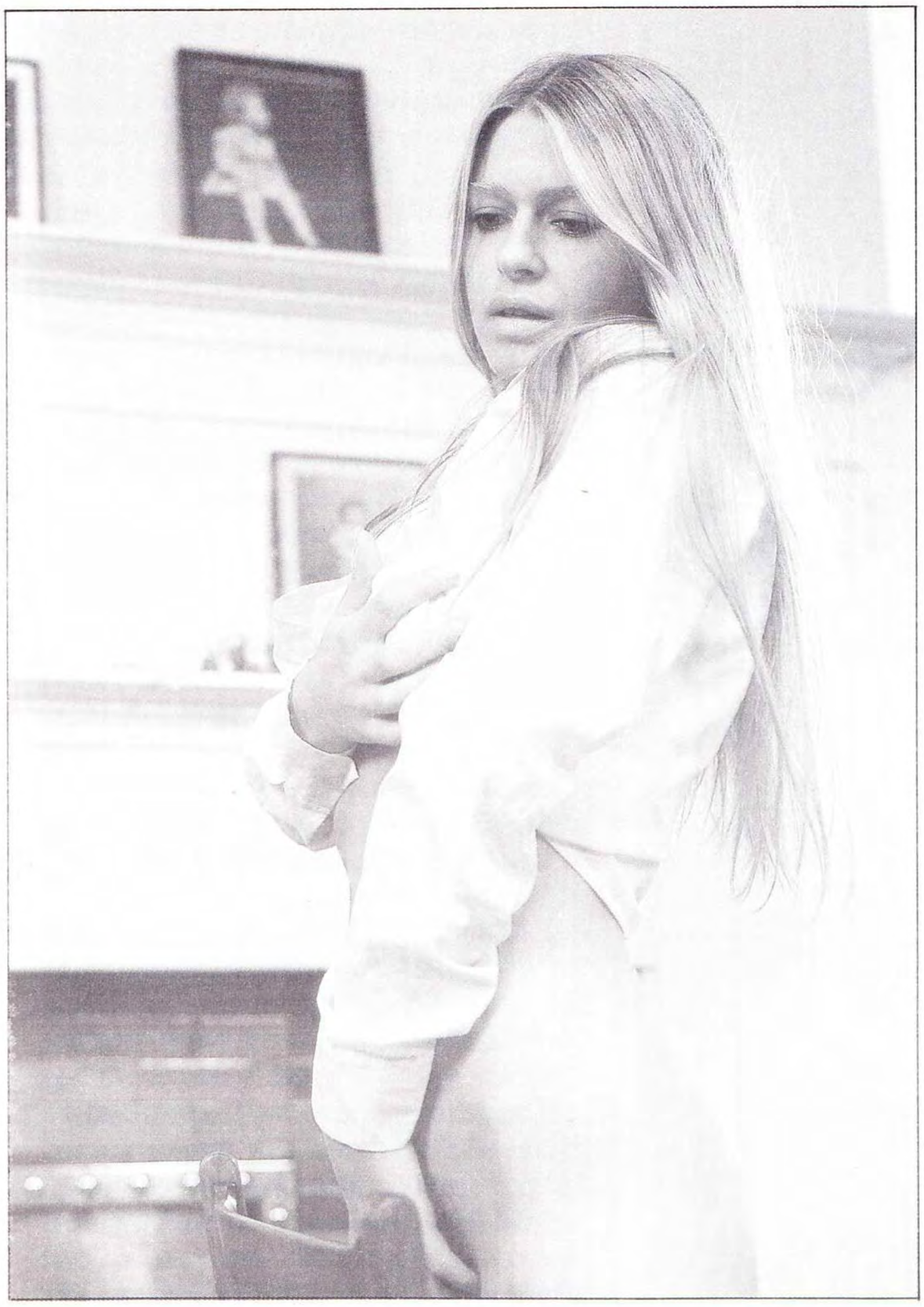
There is to be another ingredient. Mr Hoskins, who has read a lot of books about this kind of thing, assures her that it is most important that she should come to associate doing 'it' with the idea of it being, all in all, an unpleasant experience. Sally looks up at him from under her eyebrows, her mouth beginning to pout; yes, that is a most important part of it, and Mr Hoskins is planning to give her — at the same time as she is doing 'it' — a thorough spanking.

'At the same —?' Sally is bewildered.

'Yes. I have it all planned, Sally dear. You'll see. And there is one more thing —'

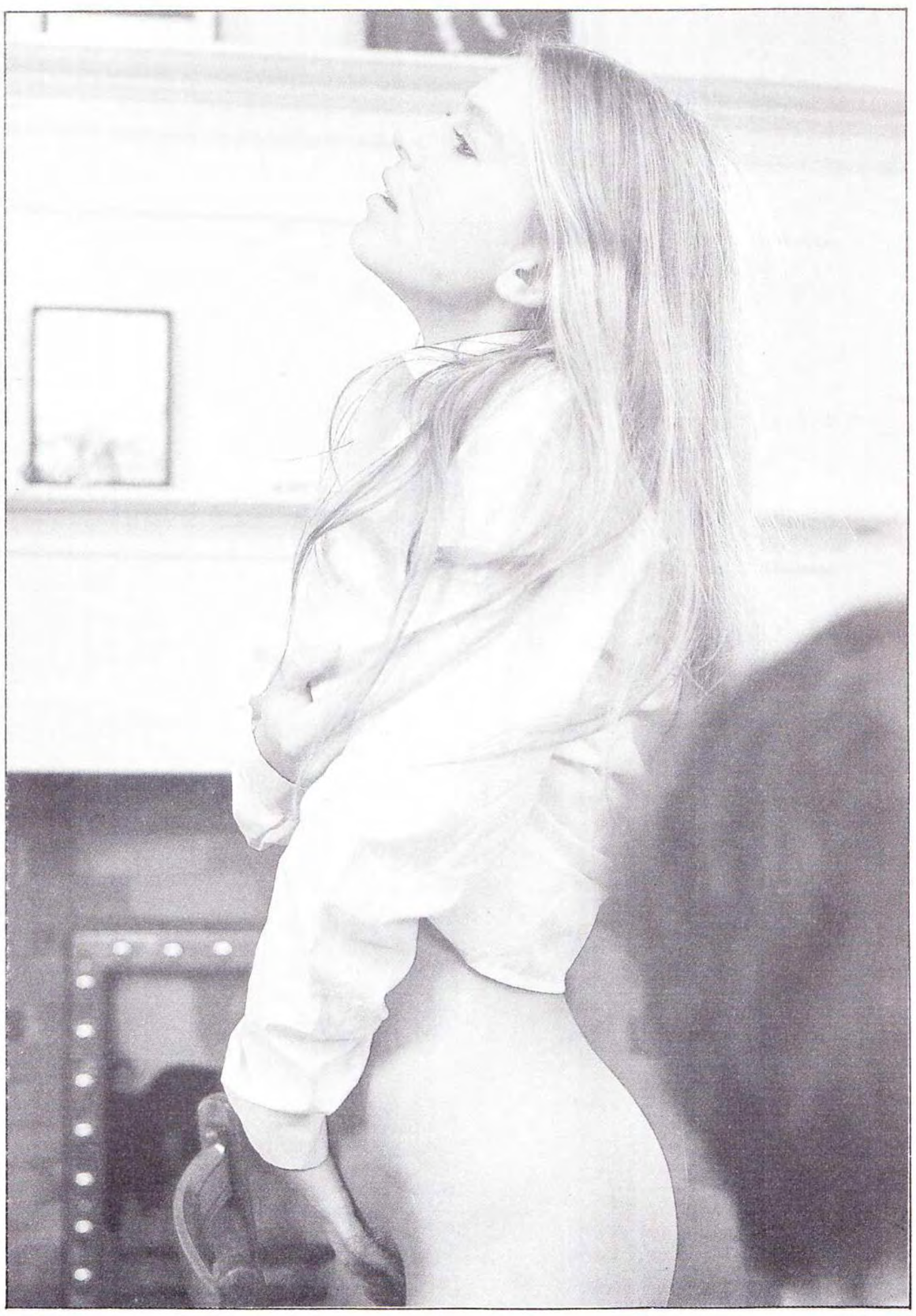
The one more thing has to do with 'motivation'; why not, this is supposed to be a discussion about motivation, isn't it? Mr Hoskins explains that it is *most* important that Sally should *want* it to work. It's like smoking, like over-use of alcohol — Sally has to be enthusiastic about the whole thing or they'll simply be wasting their time.

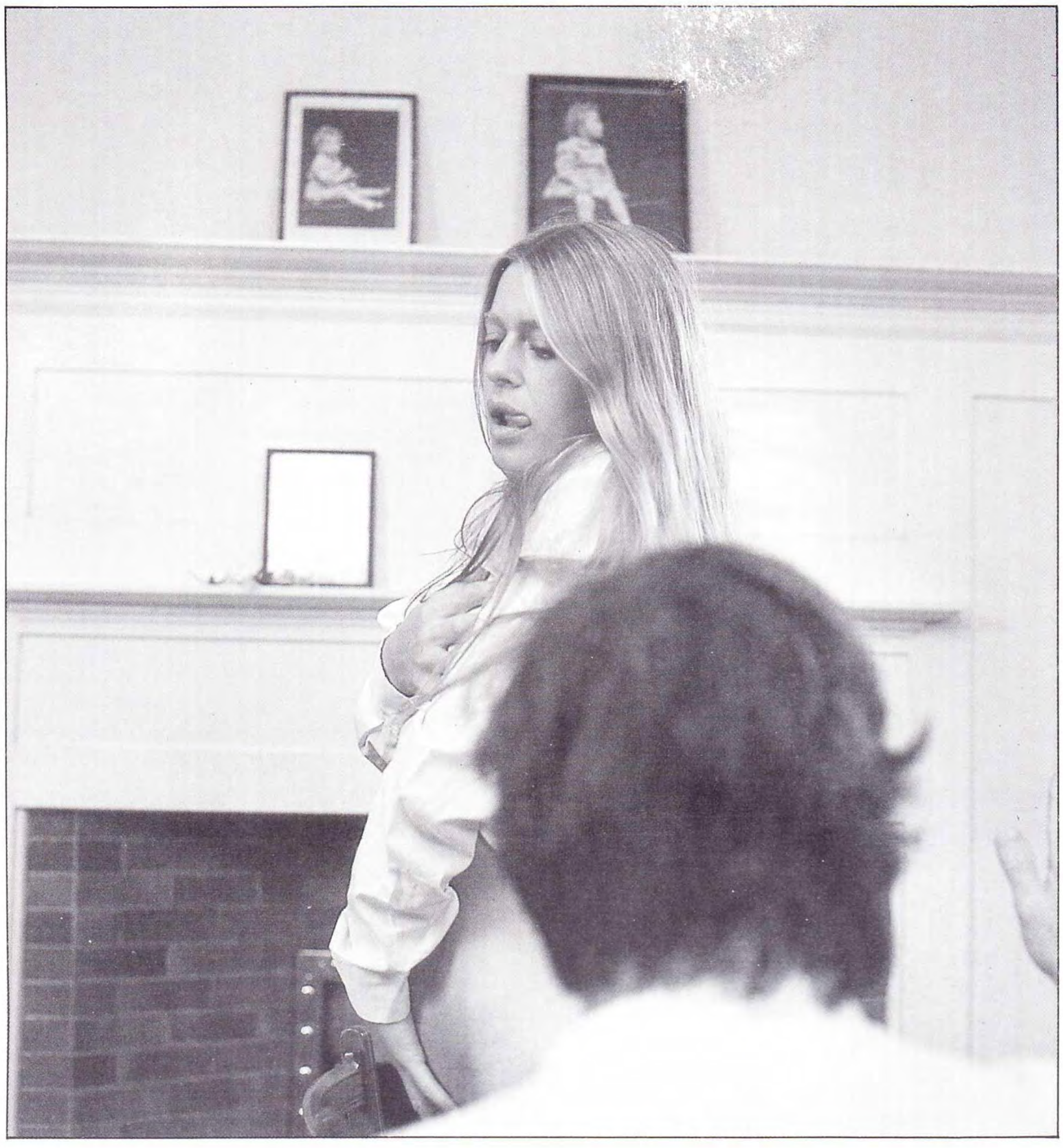
'So —' Sally twiddles her daisy-chain as she tries to picture what is











supposed to happen; 'so I have to *want* you to spank me —' Mr Hoskins nods, 'Yes, spank you hard, or it won't work.' Sally thinks of 'exercises' and hopes fervently that it won't be the ruler again, 'an' — and I must want to do — you know —' Mr Hoskins is enthusiastic, 'Yes, that's it.' Sally knits her brow, trying to get it right, 'and I'm not to mind if I find the whole thing-er-utterly —' Mr Hoskins helps her out. 'Humiliating. Yes, well, that's sort of it. Only — you see — it's quite important actually, that you *should* mind — d'you see?'

Sally doesn't think she'll have any trouble in that regard.

* * * *

The chair on which Mr Hoskins has put Sally is probably the only one in the house which creaks — no part of his plan — but the quiet complaining of the wood as the girl rocks a little back and a little forward takes the edge off the quiet in the room. Sally has been allowed a white shirt — nothing more, and her bottom has already been quite well-spanked to provide a warmed-up 'background' for the spanking she has yet to come. Mr Hoskins is seated to one side of the kneeling-up Sally, just about arm's length away; at first he had her face him — she had blushed scarlet — which, he felt, increased the humiliation for her, knowing that there was nothing hidden. Then, because he would, of course, want to be able to have her bottom 'to hand', he had made her turn to how she was now. The tip of a nipple peeps from the undone shirt. It is pink and quite erect, and the breast trembles faintly as Sally does 'it'.

They have already done the 'discovery' bit, Sally spread out on the bed with her shorts pushed down and her hand inside her knickers, wailing quietly in embarrassment as he makes certain that her fingers are actually 'busy'; 'Won't work, you see, if we don't do it properly.' Then him making her stand up, feeling foolish with her shorts round her ankles and her knickers neither off nor on, then her being made to shuffle around the bed for a little 'over the knees' bum-smacking, the pain in her bottom and the embarrassment making her cry almost at once, though her wriggling rather less than she would have on other occasions on account of feeling obliged to do her very best to co-operate. The 'discovery' done, this is now the 'disgraceful act' itself, or, as Mr Hoskins thinks of it, the 'juicy bit.'

Sally has her eyes closed — his idea, wanting to help her out

because he wants to be sure she actually does 'come'. Mr Hoskins reaches out and rests his hand lightly on her bottom; she opens her eyes and looks round. A little slap; 'Come along now Sally —' She licks her lips and turns away, cheeks colouring, buttocks trembling slightly under his hand. He lets her go on, she having trouble concentrating, of course, but he means to have her up there until she *does* do it, so she'll have to get her act together.

Four minutes, five. Her hips have begun a gentle swaying motion, her breasts wobbling a tiny bit. He begins to pat-pat-pat her bottom, gently, coaxingly, with stroking and cupping of the palm and the odd squeeze.

'Now, don't forget —' His voice is subdued, with encouragement in it's tone. '— don't you *dare* forget, Sally, to let me know, hmmm? Understand me, Sally?'

'Mmmm.' Her reply is half-hearted, preoccupied. He smacks her bottom enough to smart a bit but probably not enough to take her mind off what she's doing. 'Ow.'

Even 'Ow!' isn't altogether convincing; she's getting there, sneaking it up on him. He lets her do it, little spanks teasing her bottom, hot slaps on warm bum-cheeks, hand lingering, pleasuring itself with the feeling of tension building in her body, communicated via the nervy, shivery 'buzz' in the feel of her rythmically-oscillating hips.

'Don't you dare —' Another slap, warning her not to, not till she lets him know.

'No — no —' No, I won't forget? No, I won't tell you? No, don't spank me any more? He spanks her again anyway, just in case. Her bottom edges away as she turns her hips, her fingers still busy; she gasps; perhaps it's the sting? Perhaps she's getting close? He rides the gentle movement as she sways forward and back, his hand cupping her buttocks, slipping across the warm cleft to the other cheek then back again.

'C-ck —' What? He smacks her, quite hard, and she bleats and her buttocks flinch. His voice is quiet, not breaking the spell.

'Want to tell me something, Sally? Hmm?'

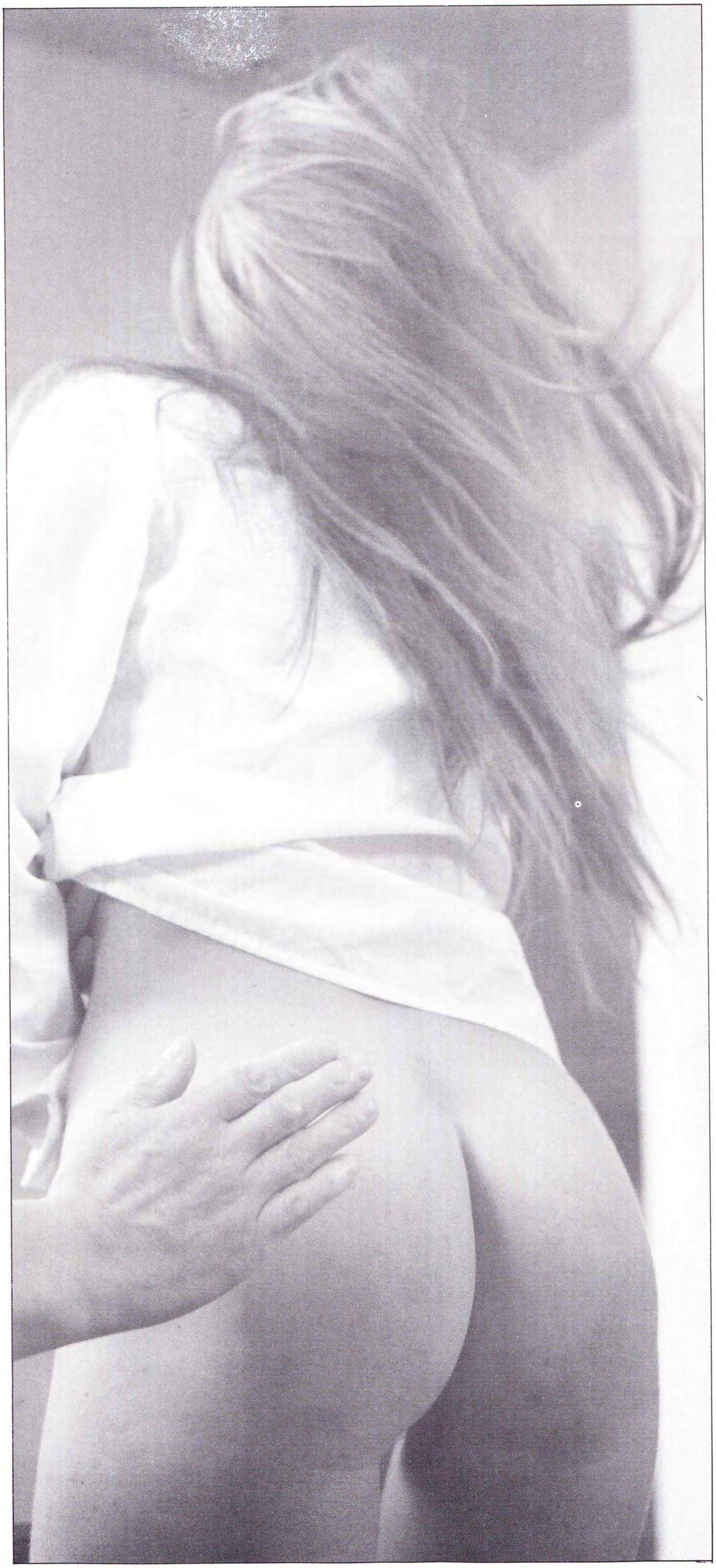
'I — I'm —' She is, too. He slaps her bottom.

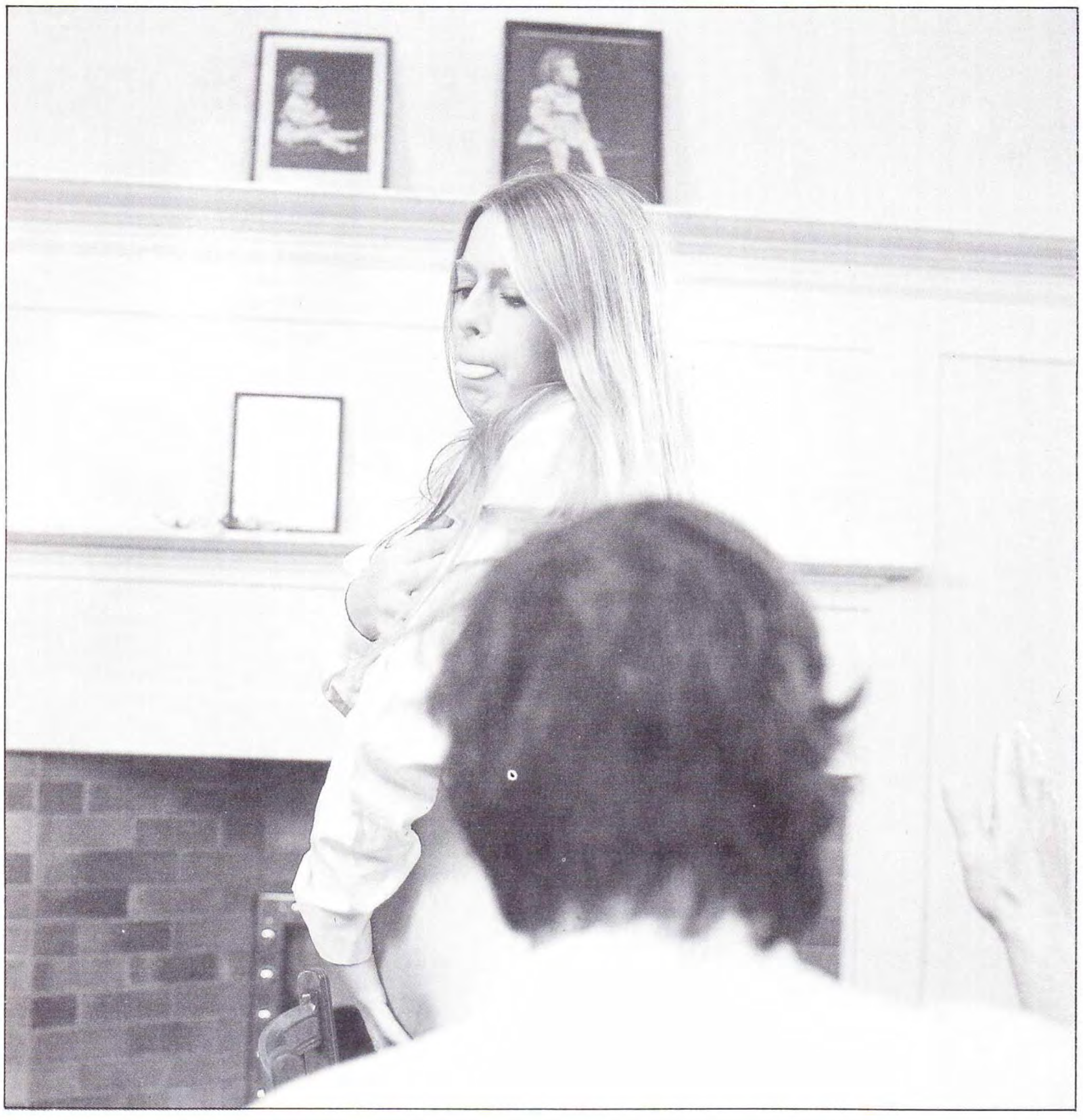
'Put your hands behind your back.' Her bottom trembles under his hand.

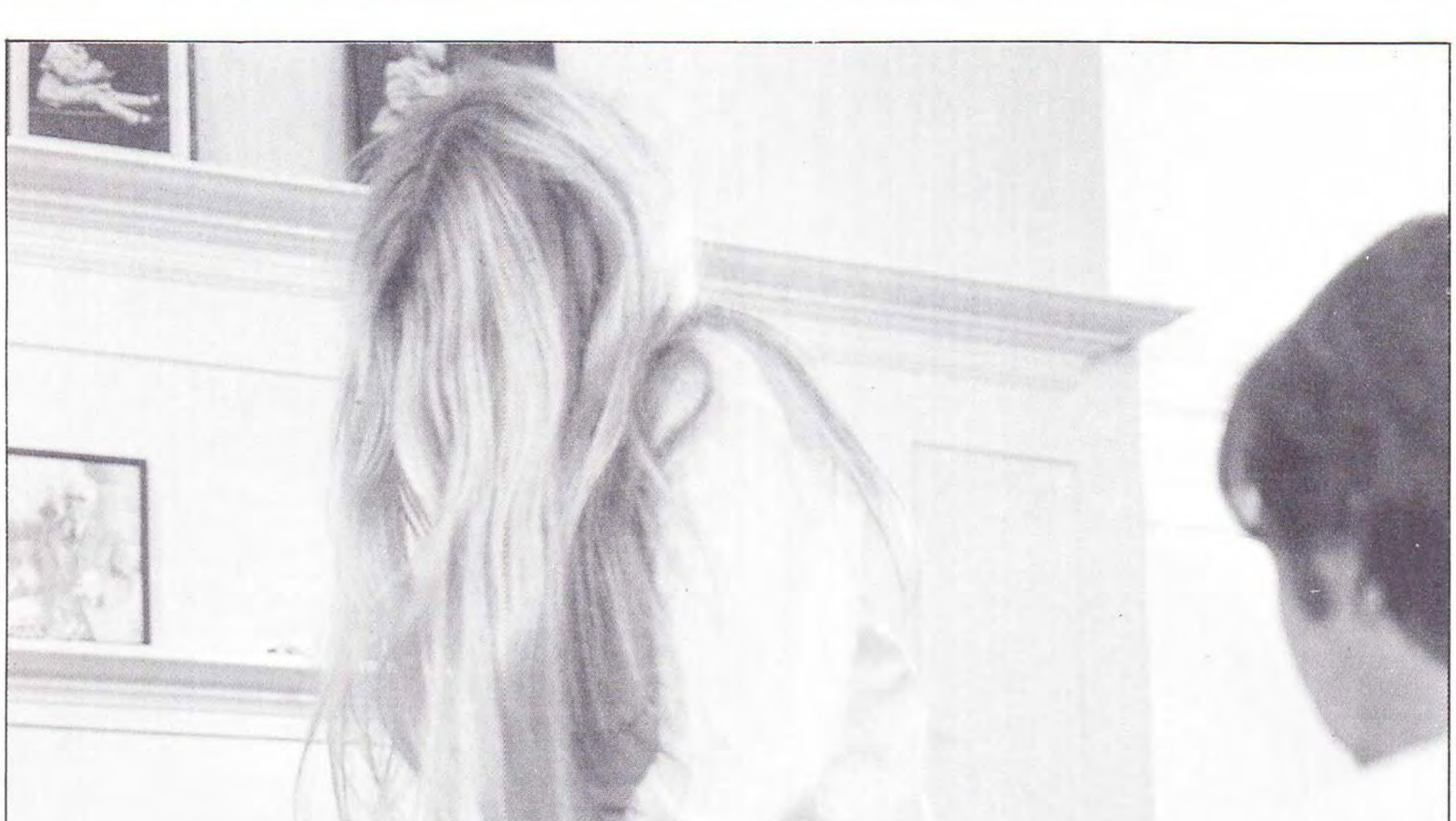
'Ngh? Wh —?' Her mouth is open, lips wet.

'Put your hands behind your back, Sally.'

'N — no, please —' A good, hard spank. She jerks her hips forward, away from any more spanks. Her hands wander unwillingly towards







the small of her back; eyes still closed she begins to push out her lower lip into a pout, not daring to but wanting to make it happen.

He leaves her in her shivery limbo for not-too-long, then he rescues her, replacing her fingers with his own, she pushing forward onto his hand eagerly now, shamelessly, desperately.

Two good spanks; she jolts forward each time, swings a little back. He spanks her methodically, timing the smacks to coincide with the push and pull-back of her hips. She picks up the cadence without needing to think, a hint as much as she needs, the smacks making her thrust forward, his pube-cupping hand nudging her back; she oscillates between spanking hand and sympathetic, knowing fingers, until she doesn't need any more spanking to keep her going, though he spanks her anyway.

She is a slack-lipped, shivering, flinchy-bottomed but exhaustedly-grateful girl when he lets her do it; she slumps, head drooping, thighs pressed together, hair falling over her face. He leaves her a space in which to realise what she's done, then stands up, speaks to her quietly.

'Say "thank you", Sally'. She looks up, eyes big.

'Mmm?' She licks her lips and suddenly colour floods her cheeks. She won't look at him; her hands come round to hide her pubic hair.

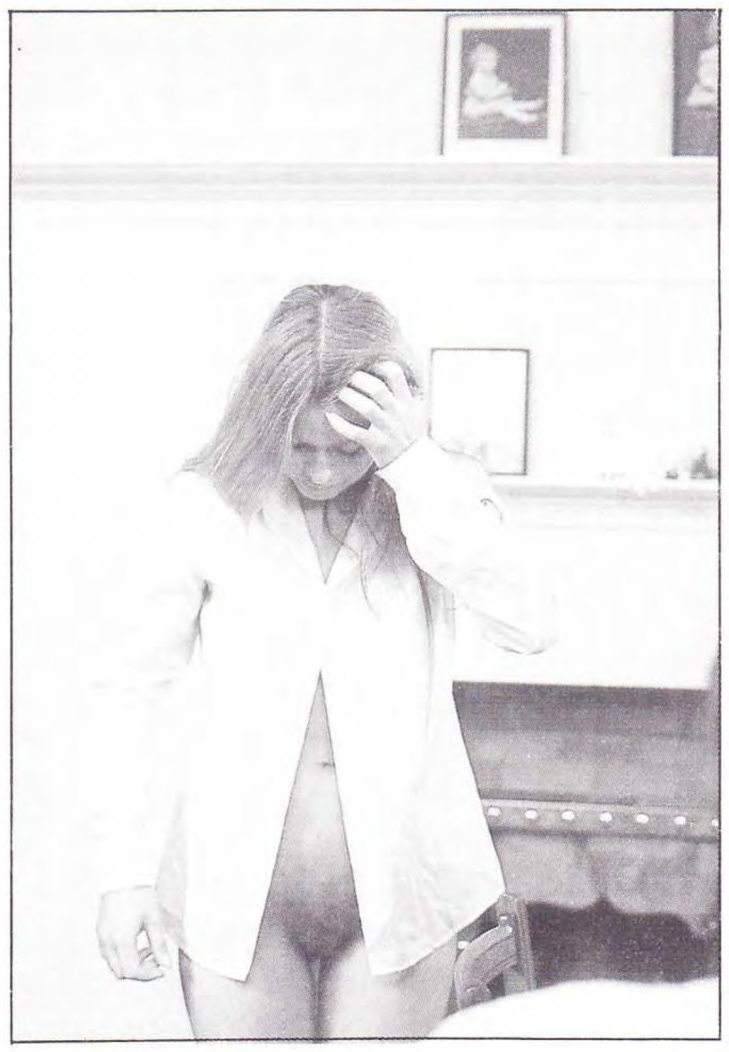
'Say, "thank you".' He brushes her hair back from her face. She mumbles, still staring at the floor.

'Th-thank you.'

'And now, better get off to bed.'

'Yes.' Her voice tiny, awkward.

'A bit more "Ravel" in the morning, eh?' She doesn't answer, her blushes hot in her cheeks. 'Yes, I think so, Sally. A bit more "Ravel" for you tomorrow, my girl.'



THE JUNIOR SECRETARY

Well, anyway, somehow it has happened again; truth to tell it has happened again and again; Mr Ortonby has simply assumed that a girl's bottom, once caned, will be available for more of the same whenever the fancy takes him — and the fancy has been taking him with alarming regularity of late! Promoting Natalie to Junior Secretary has meant that he has plenty of opportunity to ask her to stay behind after work.



Natalie, whose one-time once-caned bottom has recently become rather often caned, despite her original determination that she would *not* be caned again, is presently occupying that position which has become a familiar one, both to Natalie and Mr Ortonby. Natalie's bottom, plump and perky and at the moment covered only by a pair of knickers, is angled up neatly over the seat of a swivelling typist's chair in Mr Ortonby's Secretary's office. Natalie reaches behind her and thumbs the waist elastic of her knickers down, pushing with her toes and lifting her hips, looking timidly sideways at Mr Ortonby behind his desk, seeing the slim, pale cane which is going to be stinging her bottom very soon, looking away as her glance is met by an anticipatory look and what is meant to be an encouraging smile. Natalie lets the elastic snap back against her thighs, a tiny protest at the rigmarole she is having to go through. Mr Ortonby 'hummmpppphs! loudly.



'Do it again, Natalie dear — this time without the petulance, if you please.' Glittery eyes watch as Natalie wangles her pants back up, pouty-lipped and pink in the cheeks. She hoiks the knickers up between her bum-cheeks and glances at Mr Ortonby for approval.

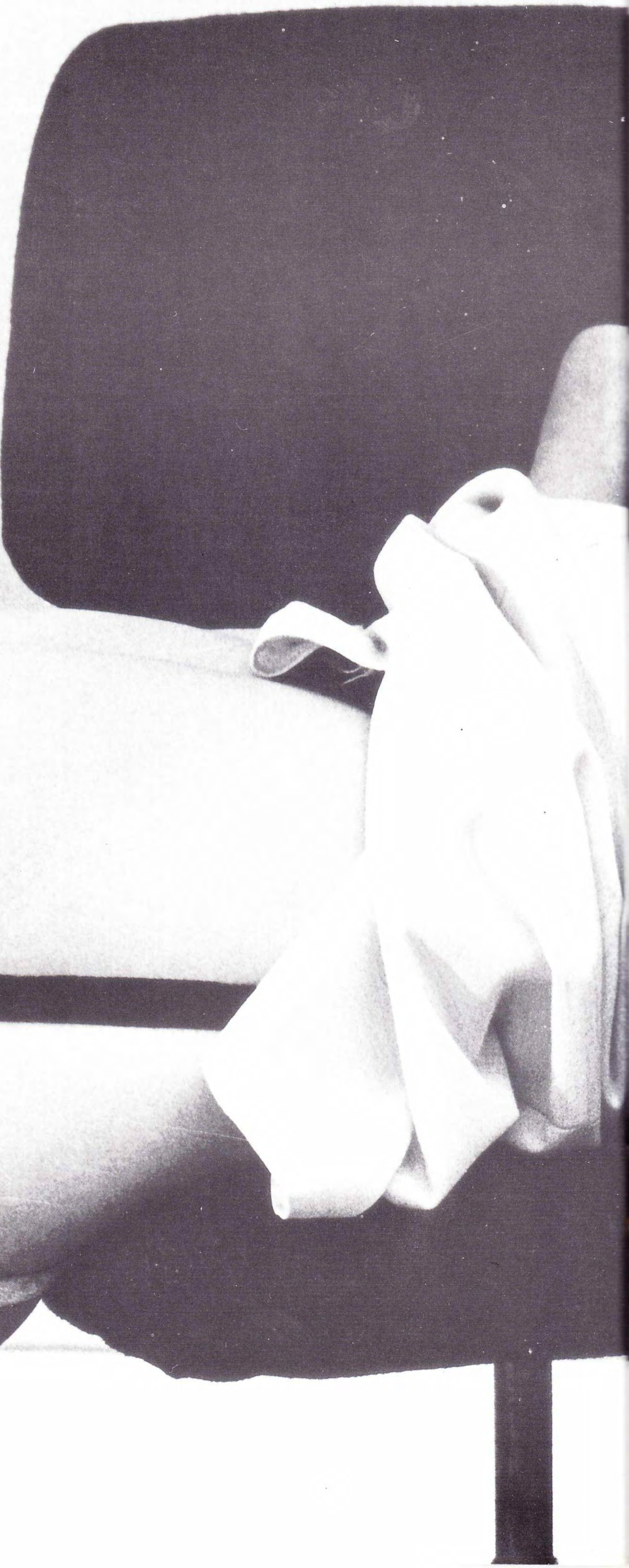
'Come on, then —' Natalie has to wriggle about again, pulling the pants down, feeling foolish and frightened. She doesn't snap the elastic this time. Mr Ortonby now chooses to ignore her, working at some papers on his desk, while Natalie stares down at the floor and thinks about the caning she's going to be given and about Simon, who will want to see the marks — of course — and who will then want to fuck her, no doubt. Natalie isn't really sure anymore what she does actually think about everything. She hates being caned — she's certain of that — but things are becoming very confusing lately. She's beginning to get caning and being fucked and Simon and Mr Ortonby very mixed up. She lies on her chair and



although she's going to be caned by Mr Ortonby she *feels* as if she's going to be fucked by him. And thinking about Simon, and what he will want to do to her tonight, well, she *knows* what he's going to do, but he'll want to see the marks and he'll pat and squeeze her bottom while he *does* it to her and he'll ask her, over and over. 'Did it hurt, Nat? Did it?' and, it's funny, but she *feels* as though she's going to be caned by Simon, later on. Or is is that she thinks it's Mr Ortonby who is going to screw her and it's Simon who is about to cane her, or what? She really isn't sure *what* she feels anymore.

The sound of the cane rattling against the desk brings her back to her senses. All at once it is stroking it's cool, menacing finger across her bare bottom, then patting, and then the first stroke lands.

Natalie squeezes her eyes shut, gasping as the sting bites in. Another stroke, harder, and she hears herself squealing. Though her eyes are shut she can see a picture of the cane descending. 'Whack!' She feels herself squirming on the chair. She sees Simon, the look on his face as he makes her take her knickers down to show him the marks. 'Whack!' She squeals again; she sees the cane,



her bottom, Simon above her in bed. 'Whack!' wriggling, panting, sobbing breathlessly. Her eyes open suddenly, wide and startled. No! No, she can't be. She *can't* be! 'Whack!' She feels the pain in her bum, knows she is wriggling about on the seat, squeezes her legs together to stop it happening, but — 'Whack!' She can't help it. Gasping silly half-words she comes shudderingly; it goes on and on, even when the cane lands again, until the tension in her back can no longer be maintained and she sags tearfully across her perch, weeping because she has been caned and weeping too because she no longer understands herself, or anything at all.

Mr Ortonby's oddly reassuring voice coaxes her to her feet. In a daze she tugs her knickers up, dabs her tears away with her employer's handkerchief, stands blushing furiously as he says she's been a very good girl. She may now go home. She knows he knows — the look in his eyes tell her. She finds her handbag and her coat and she stumbles confusedly downstairs and into the street. She looks at her watch; half past six. She has to meet Simon in fifteen minutes. She begins to run towards the station —



Bath Time

It is Sunday morning and it is Rachel's bath-time.

Since Rachel bathes every morning and every evening it always seems to be bath-time.

Anyway, Rachel is in the bath. Well, no longer quite in it so much as standing calf-deep in the water whilst Mr Collins dabbles about in the fragrant bubbles trying to find the soap. Her cheeks a pretty embarrassment-pink, Rachel looks down warily at the top of Mr Collins' head, which has a pale bald spot at the crown, lifting one foot then the other, trying to be helpful and even feeling about with her toes for the vagrant tablet of Palmolive, which as Mr Collins has muttered several times, she should not have dropped in the first place. Mr Collins straightens up; one of his rolled-up sleeves is no longer rolled-up, and the cuff has draggled in the bathwater and drips onto his shoes. His dog collar has lost its starched crispness from being steamed over the bath and now limply cradles his double chin; his black veststock is water-splashed and his face is lost-patience red with highlights of cross-patch crimson in the cheeks.

'Stupid girl,' says Mr Collins. Rachel begins to protest timidly that she couldn't help it but the reverend gentleman's eyes have lighted upon the plumped-out sideways aspect of the girl's damp bottom cheeks. He glares at their rounded impudence for a moment, then delivers, suddenly, a solid spank to the nearer cheek which is all frustration and irritation, and the more heftily delivered because of it.

Rachel squeals and swerves her bottom away, hands deserting their duties of concealing wet-curled pubes and stiff-nippled breasts to protect her bottom from that second slap which Mr Collins' piqued expression would appear to be promising. Mr Collins' wet-sleeved arm draws back and, with considerable presence of mind, Rachel sits down upon the instant, the vulnerability of her naked bottom the spur to such impetuous action.

The precipitate arrival of Rachel's bottom in the half-filled bath initiates a predictable reaction; much of the bath-water exits with marked alacrity and a fair proportion of it descends upon Mr Collins' clerical grey trousers. Too late, Mr Collins steps back; appalled by the disastrous, if accidental effect her plonking into the bath has had upon the reverend's apparel, Rachel squeaks in a panic-stricken kind of way and folds herself up like a pen-knife, knees cuddled tight to her chest by one arm while the other hand flies to her open mouth. Her eyes grow bigger by the moment as she is obliged to confront the prospect of the dire retribution which this development will undoubtedly prompt Mr Collins to wreak upon her presently under-water bottom.

Mr Collins stares aghast at his sopping trousers; he does this for a long time, so long indeed that Rachel is startled into a bleat of fright when he at last looks up.

'You thoughtless, brainless, clumsy, addle-headed —!'

Rachel hides her eyes behind both her hands, until Mr Collins runs out of adjectives and emits a series of 'Hhmmmppphs!' which increase in vehemence with each explosion of breath.

'I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry —' she peeps out between her fingers; '—oh, really, *really* I didn't mean it. I didn't —'

'Stand up, Rachel. Stand *up* this instant!'

Rachel, who is acutely conscious of what part of her it is that will thus be made available for instant retribution remains resolutely, though nervously, seated. She shakes her head vigorously, her hair brushing across her face with each shake, her mouth open in the aftermath of astonishment until a strand of hair flicks inside and she splutters it out.

'Stand *up* girl! Up, right now, d'you hear —!' Rachel will not stand up. Her head-shaking slows and then stops, her eyes widen moment to moment, but she will not, not, not stand up, knowing what will happen to her bottom if she does.

The irate Mr Collins, feeling undignified in his wet clothes and aware of the pressure of time if he isn't to be late for the morning service, thwarted by Rachel's refusal to stand up to be smacked and with nothing to vent this irritation on due to the inaccessibility of Rachel's spankable bits, 'Hmmphs!' loudly several times and flings open the bathroom door; he squelches across the landing, temporarily out-manoeuvered by no means out-generalled.

* * *

It is Sunday evening, and it's Rachel's bath-time. Rachel, who has been ready for her bath since a quarter to eight, has been made to wait until now, half-past eight, on the chilly landing half-way up the old house's two flights of stairs. Her bottom, which is bare, is goose-pimply and her tits, also quite bare, are tipped by little pink nipples which have been at attention the whole time. Rachel has been crying.

Rachel's bum is warm to the touch, goose-pimples not withstanding; the warmth stems from the several dozen smacks it has come in for during the long wait, with Mr Collins labouring up the stairs a number of times, first with the big old tin bath from the garage, which clanged against the bannisters at every step, then with buckets of hot water from the bathroom, and slapping Rachel's plump little bottom spitefully each time he has descended, wheezing, from the top floor room where he has organised Rachel's bath-time for this evening. Rachel's bottom, then, is already quite reddened from these passing spanks; this has had something to do with why she has been crying. The redness of her face too, bears witness to the other reason for her crying;

other reason for her crying; this is the hot blush of humiliation which she has had to suffer as three people, two of whom she doesn't know and one she does, Mr Stanfield, and him only from his visit to the house to see Mr Collins a few weeks ago; have trooped up the stairs, necessarily passing her at her station on the landing, absolutely naked and warned severely about the consequences should she dare to relinquish her hold on the bannisters above her head. So, stretched up, and with her bare bottom on unwilling display and vulnerable to the little pats and squeezes it has suffered at the hands of Mr Collins' visitors in their passing, Rachel has spent three-quarters of an hour dreading this moment, as she comes up to the last of the top flight of stairs and is face to face with Mr Stanfield and his friends.

Two stairs behind her, Mr Collins is ideally placed to slap Rachel's saucy bottom, hard, as she hesitates at the head of the stairs. She squeals and forgets that her hands are trying to hide the various little places which the visitors' eyes have already sought out as she came into view; with both hands clutching her bum, Rachel is propelled into the room by another stinging slap across the back of her legs, arriving in the middle of the room with fresh tears beginning to stream down her flushed cheeks, breasts bobbing as she stumbles through the door and eyes wide as she looks in turn at the faces of the three men who have come to watch her humiliation. Her hands go to the soft little pubic mound which all eyes have at least glanced at, but a fourth slap from behind makes her gasp and put her hands on her head the instant she is told to do so.

The part-filled galvanised iron bath sits on the floor with a rubber sheet under it. There is a bar of yellow soap, there is a scrubbing brush, and, worst of all, there is Mr Collins' narrow leather strap, all laid out neatly and ready for use.

'Into the bath' says Mr Collins. 'We'll get on with it, shall we.'

* * *

It is Sunday evening, and it's Rachel's bed-time. Actually, it is somewhat past her bed-time, but that's because bath-time was so protracted an event. The tin bath has been moved aside, though the rubber sheet, awash with spilt bath-water, is still on the floor. There are wet footprints everywhere, some those of bare feet, others the prints of shoes. Rachel is standing straddle-legged on the sheet, legs wide apart, hands on her head, wet hair falling slickly across her face as her head droops forward wearily. Around her central figure are grouped Mr Collins' visitors, talking quietly amongst themselves while their host is out of the room fetching Rachel's pyjamas, with many a glance at the object of their discussion, and, indeed, not a few guarded chuckles.

Evidence of the vigorous employment of the scrubbing brush glows from wherever it's stiff bristles have been brought into contact with soft girlish skin. The insides of Rachel's thighs, from her knees to the apex of her legs, are a suffused tender-looking pink, as are the backs of her legs, from calves to the out-thrust of her bottom. Her bottom, too, has undoubtedly been well-scrubbed, there being a warm crimson bloom across and around each chubby bum-cheek. This sore-seeming blush is overlaid by the marks which Mr Collins' strap has left, a dozen or more of which curve around and under the girl's plumped-out buttocks, the uneveness of them hinting at the likelihood that this young lady's bottom must have offered an agitated and mobile target when that strap was being applied. There is a moment's cessation to the three mens' hushed conversation, with a snotty sniffle from Rachel to fill the gap. She isn't really listening, being much too concerned with her bum and the stinging of it, and the scrubbed-clean bits of her, but she does catch a little of what is said when the talk resumes.

'— candidate for the summer term, eh?'

'Hmmm. Don't think we'd have the nerve actually to charge Harry the fees though, eh? Not considering the girl's-er-potential.'

There is muted laughter, then some discussion of Rachel herself.

'— not too sure about that. Got an idea they might be distantly related; sort of second uncle, or something; that's if you can be a second uncle.'

'— old enough, anyway. What is she, exactly, Archie?'

'Ah — nineteen in seven months time. So she's eighteen and a half —'

Rachel recognises the sound of the creaky stair at the top of the first flight. Mr Collins with her pyjamas. She straightens up a bit, head higher, leg muscles taut, bottom pushed out perkily, tits lifting themselves tight as she keeps her hands on her head and pulls her shoulders back. She catches the sound of Mr Collins' footsteps on the top flight; the last thing she hears the visitors say has a familiar ring to it. She's heard it mentioned somewhere before — quite recently.

Something to do with Mr Stanfield; 'Green Gables' —

FEEDBACK

Dear Sir,

It's good to see you back on form again with your 'New' Uniform Girls, having felt of late that letters of criticism to C.P. magazines seem a bit redundant, the true tastes and requests of readers being largely ignored. 'New' Uniform Girls if the current standard is maintained and imaginatively extended is approaching the sort of magazine I'd envisaged and hoped it might be. Certainly, it is in my view superior to the current Blushes.

'Whispers' I found a bit disappointing taking into consideration the statement that it was going to be more concerned with the humiliation side of C.P.. I'm afraid I found it a bit whimsical and contrived.

The reason that most of my letters to C.P. mags seem to be very critical is not because I am fantastically hard to please, but because I am genuinely disappointed about the quality and lack of imagination considering the amount of C.P. mags on the market.

The main reason though, that I write this letter is in response to 'New' Uniform Girls Bumper Edition. The 'It's Tough At The Top' majorette thing was very good, the baton twirling, complicated steps, marching and all, also the bit about the grapes. I would have preferred her wearing plimsols, though as you'll probably realise, you can't please all the people all of the time.

Also wonderful in this issue was 'Looking Ahead' which was approaching brilliance. The girl in this feature is absolutely lovely. Hopefully, we'll see more of her in forthcoming issues; not forgetting the subject matter of this piece, at last the almost revolutionary idea of a pretty girl being made to do dirty, menial and arduous work in a state of undress. It seems surprising, but of all the hundreds of C.P. mags over the years, an idea as straightforward as this has rarely been considered.

Of course, we've had endless spanking and more spanking, young ladies draped over knees, or bent over for a 'damn good hiding' or whatever, though usually, that's just about as far as it goes. I feel very sure that while there are probably a great many people very satisfied with the C.P. journals on offer, there are a fairly large number of people like myself, who would like to see a lot more imagination and humiliation. It's certainly not that I've anything against spanking, quite the contrary, it's just that I don't count myself as purely a spanking fan. There are, I'm sure you'll appreciate, countless methods and varieties of punishment apart from, (though preferably as well as) a good hard spanking, caning, tawsing, or whatever.

Of course, I do realise that bondage is out, which is unfortunate, as this would most probably add a whole new dimension to C.P. magazines, though there are quite a few good House of Milan bondage publications available.

Though I realise that there seem to be increasing restrictions upon what is permittable, please don't, as some magazines have done, use this as an excuse to become bland and formulised. There are still limitless possibilities to be considered.

My favourite kind of things are Punishment P.T. (which can mean a variety of things), Punishment dress, Enforced exhibitionism, Marching drill, Spartanic regimes and *clothing*, which to me is of the most immense importance. The whole concept of a 'Unif n Girls' magazine is an inter ing one. While a lot of people pr ably like Nurses, Air-Hostesses, Traffic-Wardresses etc., the idea of Uniform Girls sparks off a different hope and expectation in me. The idea of a uniform can mean anything at all, whatever the cruel whim of the punisher may be. The cuter, sexier, more revealing and embarrassing the better. I don't know if my clothing ideas are fetishes exactly, but I do like the models in your mag to be as lithe and pretty as possible, and I like to see them dressed in extremely short skirts, mini-kilts, white or black ankle-socks, knee-socks, black or white plimsols, vests, school uniforms, dancing pumps, little sailor-girl outfits, Scottish and Irish dancing outfits, flat sandals with leather thongs criss-crossing from ankles to knees, extremely brief knickers, all sorts of gym wear etc. etc. The girls should look as cute and sexy as possible, while at the same time, highly obedient and under the strictest of discipline.

Incidentally, I liked the idea of the girl in the kilt in Uniform Girls 7, though I'd have preferred the kilt to be of a much mini-er length, but perhaps hopefully another time. I don't quite know why I like mini-kilts so much. Perhaps it's because of the myth that Scotsmen don't wear anything under the kilt and girls will be as likewise.

Also, I think girls are very sexy and vulnerable when they are barefoot. My favourite stories, letters, pictures etc are those concerning very unusual and humiliating punishments, especially if there is only one girl punishee being dealt with in front of invited guests, relatives and like-minded friends as witnesses.

You have the models, the photographers, the locations, and I'm sure somewhere you also have

Thanks for your letter, J.C. Did you see Blushes Supplement 4



the imagination, seeds of which are beginning to show in 'New' Uniform Girls.

To be honest, I don't think there is yet a great C.P. magazine available, but I do admit that Uniform Girls, if the first two issues (especially the second) are anything to go by, is about the best.

To me, just about the most important thing picture-wise in a C.P. magazine is the prettiness of the model and the clothing she is wearing (or not wearing as the case may be!)

I've always imagined that the people who produce such magazines as Blushes and Janus etc. would have access to all sorts of unusual literature and art on the subject of C.P., not just spanking but more varied and unusual forms of C.P., including detailed case histories, and that they would be able to procure the talents of the best and most imaginative international writers on the subject, yet having read C.P. mags for quite a few years, I know this not to be the case.

Recently, I wrote to Canada to the bondage writer F.E. Campbell, voicing some of my tastes and criticisms. He replied that I wouldn't find everything that I liked in one magazine. This I know and realise is prefectly true. I don't for one second read a magazine and expect each and every story, letter or picture to be exactly to my taste. What I really would like though is a magazine with a lot more variation and imagination.

I think the best picture in Blushes 23 is the centre picture in between pages 32 and 33 illustrating 'Cheer-Leader Crisis'. The pose is good and the black plimsols, white ankle socks and short skirt are excellent. There are plenty of bland C.P. magazines depicting endless unimaginative pictures; What *I* would like to see are interesting pictures that stir the imagination, yet at the same time leave something to the imagination. i.e. a pretty girl wearing extremely brief clothing in the company of a strict looking middle-aged couple, perhaps in a rural place or crowded shopping area.

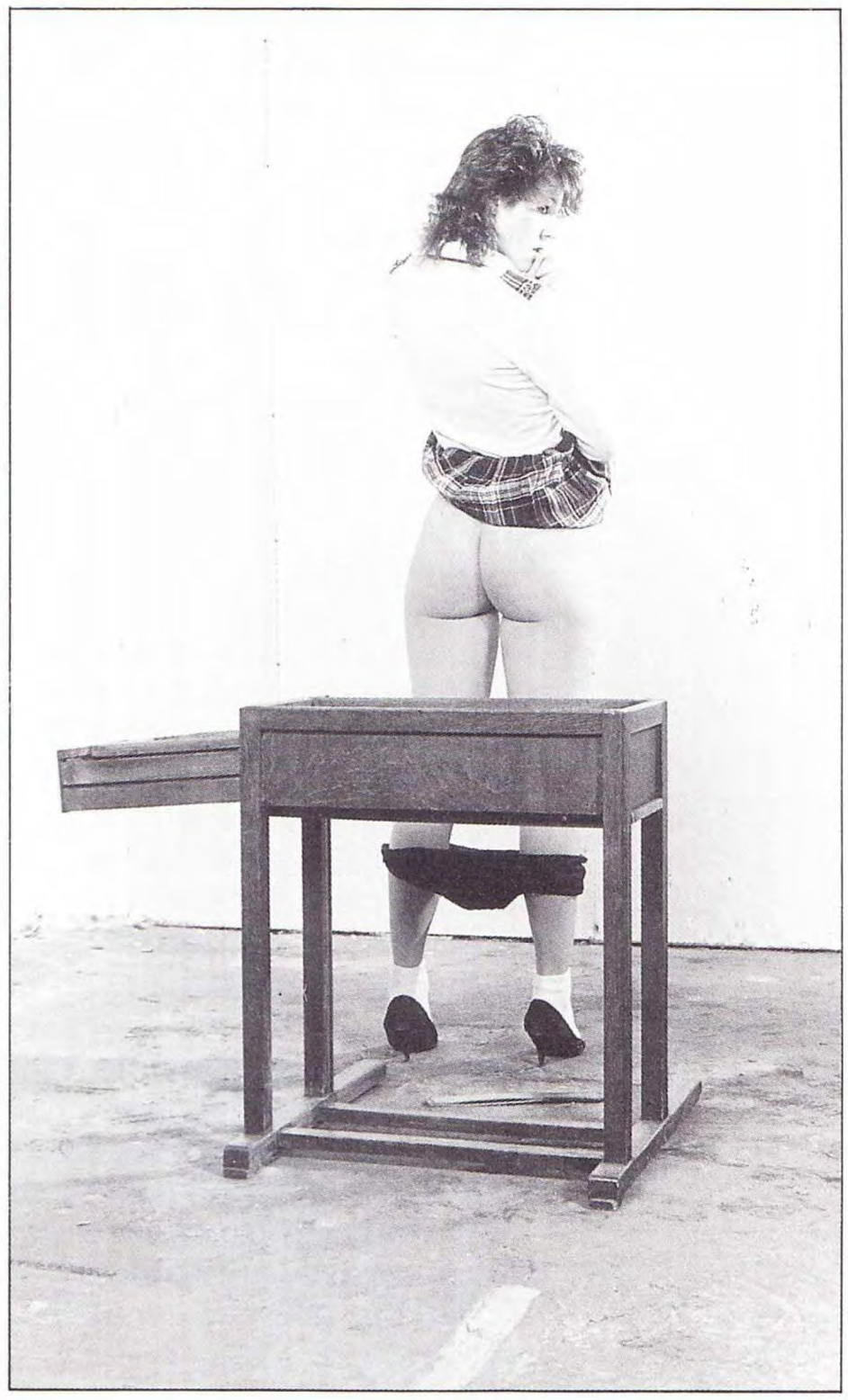
A much more artistic imagination and erotic exploration of clothing and punishment costume, plus more nudity. This, I feel is of great importance. In something like marching drill, a nude girl wearing perhaps black ankle socks, white or black plimsols. (I'm not a colour fetishist, but change and variation are always a good thing and black ankle socks are just as cute as white) is put through her paces in a bleak gym hall; for an erotic and realistic effect, the girls knees should be lifted just that bit higher, and the toes pointed a bit more than they normally would be in the run-of-the-mill photo session.

I'd like to see a lot more coverage of such things as punishment P.T., Marching-Drill, unpleasant and arduous manual work, and much more unusual and humiliating forms of C.P. And the cuter and more lithe and uninhibited the models the better.

Most probably, you've got more than enough willing males clamouring to appear in one of your photo sessions, but as a 26 year old devotee with a few experiences, plus a great amount of ideas and enthusiasm, I would very much like to be considered.

A series of pictures entitled 'Spartan' would be interesting and may kindle your imagination.

J. Crawford, Scotland



Is the kilt short enough now?

Dear Sirs,
I have all your Blushes issues - congratulations to such wonderful and exciting magazines!

Tantalizing stories and pictures — but tell show more about girls in stockings and suspenders, most men like me prefer it — and so it means to Old Germany too!

Publish more of your exciting drawings — as there are details of unusual form are possible to be shown — but not on photos. Perhaps the whole scene from the preparation till to the end of a tantalizing caning.

But I have a special request. Imagine there is a girl, standing in her nice underwear before her intending chastiser.

She of course has to lower her knickers to the stocking tops — as usual — but then has to open the back-fastener of her suspender belt!

This garment now falls down in front of her legs, dangling loose, and now - upside down - no longer holding the stockings but is supported by them with their fasteners.

The crinkled knickers around the legs beware the untidy garments to sag down furthermore.

Imagine, what goes on, she perhaps has to march fetching the cane from another room, coming back with dangling suspender belt (and bouncing breasts) - what a sight!

And her feeling! The humility, that not only the knickers (and her bra) lost their meaning, but her suspender belt too! She of course would have preferred to be naked. Total.

And what goes on, bending over the untidy dangling garments are on their place at the beginning of the punishment - but her struggling legs during the caning makes the untidiment all the more.

Please show me (and us all) such a story in a report, photos or drawings.

Gerhard K, Bielefeld

We'll do something soon, Gerhard

Dear Sir,
I have been an avid reader of your magazine since the first issue and still hold every edition from the House of Blushes. In fact you were kind enough to print a previous letter of mine in the Fourth Supplement. I now feel the need to contribute further after reading Uniform

13. There are two articles in particular that have caused me to write. Firstly the letter from K.L. who like me seems to thrive on humiliating young women in front of as many people as possible. I would like to support his request for readers own photos, particularly those showing uniforms or delightfully tight pyjamas enclosing equally delightful girl-bums.

Secondly, the short story 'The Chairmans Chauffeuse' really threw me. At first sight it seemed a run of the mill picture with a few paragraphs added. I only read the story because it was there, if you understand what I mean. But on reaching the last few lines it became one of the most complete C.P. stories I have read for quite a while. The thought of a properly punished (dare I say) step-daughter was truly wonderful. But the story was enhanced a thousand fold by the thought of two spoiled and selfish step-sisters doing anything that they wished and knowing that their darling daddy would give them anything they wanted. A sort of modern day Cinderella, without the handsome prince, if you like.

In fact so impressed was I with these two items along with the talk of bottomless shorts and pyjamas at Grangemoor and the beautiful pert Alison, that I have been inspired to write a short story myself. It concerns your step-daughter, as well as daddy and her wicked step-sisters, Sally and Julie.

'But mummy, I wasn't that late picking daddy up from his club,' pleaded Suzie as she pulled her sweet little pyjama trousers over her just bathed bottom.

'I know dear' replied her mother, 'but you know daddy is a stickler for punctuality. I must go now, the Simmons are expecting me at seven, I really mustn't be late.' Stepping forward she kissed her daughter lightly on the cheek. 'Goodbye dear, don't keep daddy waiting or it will be all the worse for you.' Her mother turned and left, rushing downstairs across the hall and out through the large oak door.

All she cares about are her 'G and T's', fur coats and fast sports cars, thought Suzie sorrowfully. She slipped her pyjama jacket on and fixed her blonde hair in pigtails. She looked a picture, the perfect schoolgirl in her pretty pale pink pyjamas and clean scrubbed face. But she wasn't a schoolgirl anymore, she was nearly nineteen in fact. Although that didn't bother her step-father; since she had been working at her step-father's company it sometimes seemed that her pert bum had only just recovered from one tanning when she was over his knee or bending over his desk for another.

Suzie was aroused from her day dream by the maid tapping her bedroom door. 'Your father wants you in the lounge straight away miss.' Suzie felt so ashamed; she knew the maid was well aware of the reason she was in her pyjamas at 6.30 in the evening. In fact she was sure that the maid was inwardly laughing at her.

Suzie padded across the landing without realising she had forgotten her slippers. Down the stairs she went following a well-practised route across the hall towards the lounge door, all the time her plump bottom swaying inside her tight but awfully thin cotton pyjamas.

Just as she reached the lounge door the front door bell rang. The lounge door burst open and out flew Sally almost knocking poor Suzie back across the hall. 'Out of the way stupid, no wonder you get spanked so often. You're always mooning around!' shouted Sally, who was only a few months older than Suzie.

The maid reached the front door before Sally. 'It's alright, it will be Cynthia and Samantha for me, I'll get it,' called Sally as she pushed Suzie aside.

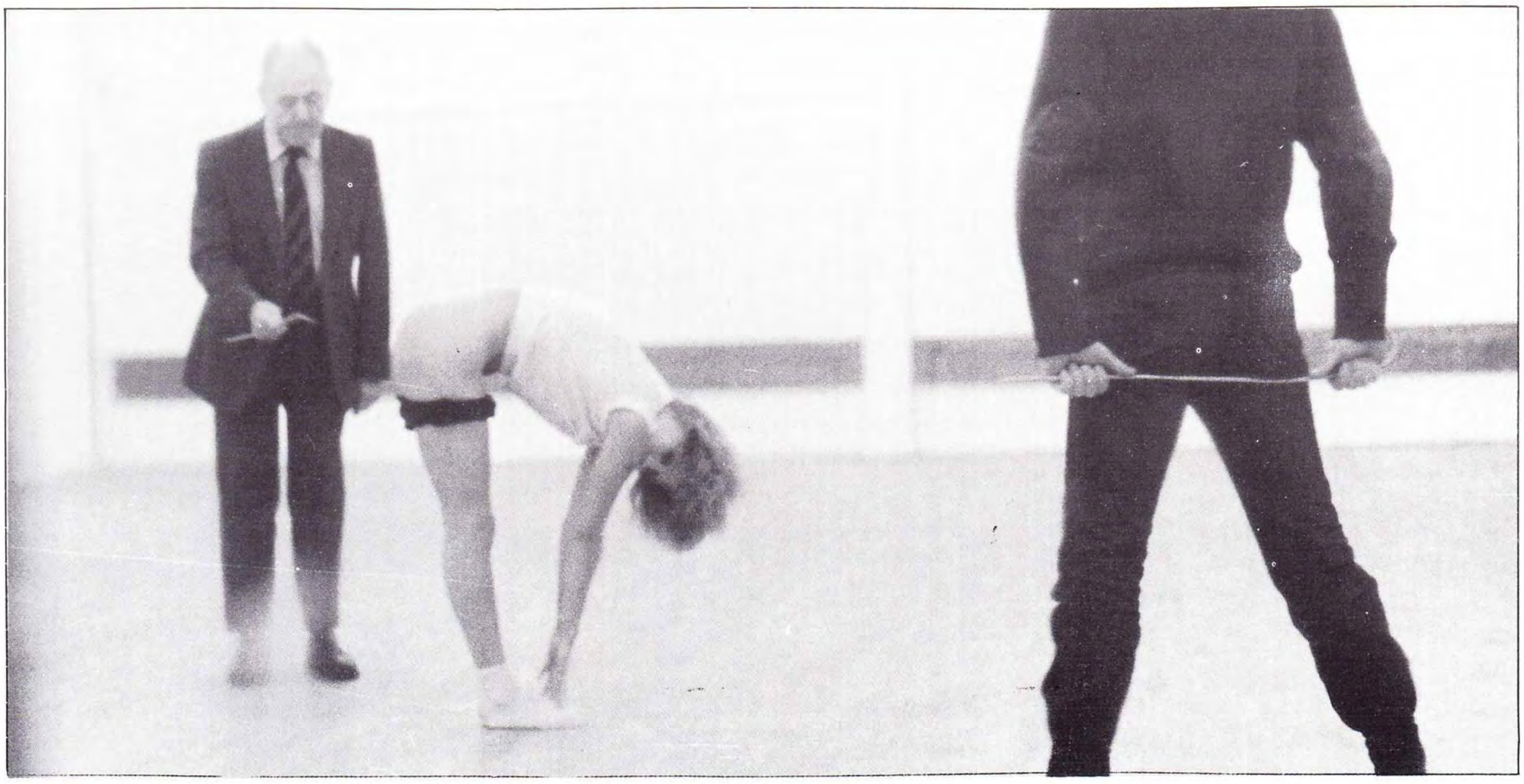
'Get in here my girl,' boomed a voice from inside the lounge. It was of course Suzie's step-father. Suzie rushed into the lounge. 'Shut the door you slovenly creature' said a different voice. It was Julie and, horror of horrors, sitting next to her was her fiance, Roger. Tears welled in Suzie's eyes as she could feel Roger mentally undressing her. Although that would not take too much doing as her pyjamas fitted so snugly that every curve and crevice seemed to show. 'Don't get any thoughts Roger dear,' Suzie heard Julie say 'She's only a naughty little girl who's due a good spanking, isn't she daddy?' 'She most certainly is' replied Suzie's stern looking step-father.

Suzie began to cry openly as she was ordered to her father's side where he was seated on an armless chair.

'Come on over my knee. Let's see if I can spank some sense into you.'

Shaking her head, pigtails emphasising it's movement, Suzie resisted. Her step-father turned her around where she stood and slapped her thinly clad bottom six times, causing it to wobble delightfully, or so Roger thought.

Did you catch this Punishment P.T. piece in Blushes 8?



'Please, daddy. Not in front of him. Please, please' wailed Suzie. As Company Chairman, Suzie's step-father was used to people doing what he wished. Again his hand smacked across Suzie's bottom.

'You embarrassed me by turning up late. I had promised to get Sir Arthur to Euston in time and what happened? You arrived late and he missed his train! Now get over my knee, or else.'

He didn't finish the sentence; Suzie knew what 'or else' meant.

'Oh, don't worry little sister, Roger and I are leaving. I've seen you punished often enough.' mocked Julie. Taking Roger by the hand she lead him to the door. She knew Roger had been turned on by what he had seen and she was going to reap the benefits. After all, daddy would be busy for quite some time.

Bottom tingling, Suzie felt a certain amount of relief as Julie and Roger left the room. Her relief was short-lived, for she was turned quickly over his knee and he began spanking her bottom hard. Her pyjamas seemed to be stretched to their limit. Underneath the thin material her bum seemed to have burst into flames and her cries echoed around the room. How he enjoyed these occasions when he, like Roger, was quite aroused. Suzie blushed, embarrassed at feeling her step-fathers hardness against her tummy. The embarrassment was enhanced by a knock on the door. It was Sally.

'Do you mind if we wait here until our taxi arrives. We are going to a new club so we don't want to drink and drive daddy.' Her father, now quite red in the face, looked up. 'No of course not my dear.' His hand immediately crashed down on Suzie's throbbing bum, causing her to writhe provocatively across his lap. 'Why oh why can't you be as sensible as Sally,' he lectured, spanking Suzie hard at each word.

Through her cries Suzie could hear the other girls whispering and giggling. Her bottom now felt on fire; she thought her thin pyjamas might almost burst into flames. How her body danced over her step-father's knees.

'Please stop, daddy, please,' she pleaded, but still the spanks rained down on her defenceless bottom. She was caught by a particularly cruel smack on her thigh causing her to wrestle free. She fell to the floor causing the other three girls to burst into fits of riotous laughter.

'I'm not having this!' roared her irate parent as Sally got to her feet, furiously rubbing her so sore bum. 'I'll teach you.' He grabbed her pyjama trousers at mid thigh, pulled, and down they came causing the tight elastic to drag roughly over Suzie's reddened backside. Before she could get herself together Suzie found herself face down over his lap again, a fresh barrage of smacks falling on her now unprotected rear.

'You will learn!' Smack! Smack!

At last he desisted; she lay there crying and reaching back trying to ease the pain.

'Don't think I've finished with you yet, young lady,' wheezed her out of breath father. 'Sally, fetch the cane from this madam's bedroom while I go to my study to make a phone call. And you, young lady, will stand in the corner until I return.'

Suzie reached down to pull up her pyjamas which were now around her ankles. A sharp slap bought her instantly back up.

'Leave those where they are. It's a bare bottom caning for you, my girl.' Suzie shuffled over to the corner knowing Cynthia and Samantha were openly laughing at the spectacle she now presented. She clutched her burning rump with both hands. 'Get your hands on your head, you wretch!' ordered her father as he left the room.

The door closed and then opened again almost immediately. Sally had returned with the cane. She began to swish it about and make mocking 'ohs' and 'don't, please, daddy' comments causing Suzie to flinch and the other two to laugh until they were in tears. 'I do hope their taxi arrives before daddy comes back' thought Suzie and began to cry anew.

Poor Suzie.

* * * *

I hope you can find space to print my little fantasy and maybe add some pictures or drawings to help it come to life. Maybe you could even get Alison to model for it. Of course I realise you may have to edit somewhat. If you do not find my story up to your high standards maybe you can get one of your professionals to write a story in a similar vein.

As a postscript, may I elect ten young ladies whom I would like to see lining up in bare-bottom pyjamas at the excellent Grangemoor (more stories soon I hope).

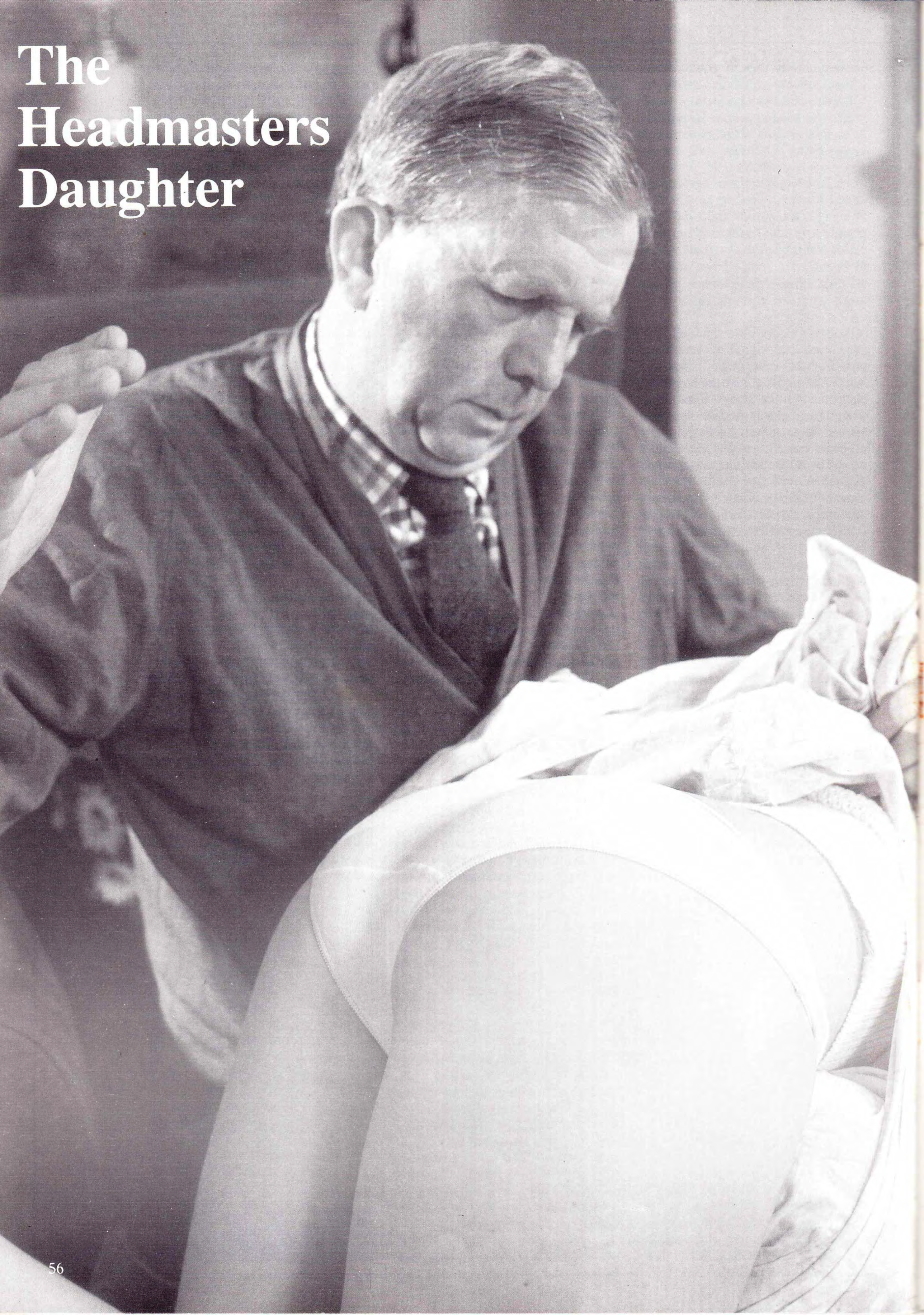
1. Tracy Childs who plays Lyn Howard in 'Howards Way'. What a super arse.
2. Sarah Green. I would dearly love to slipper this cocky madam's bare backside red raw.
3. Annika Rice. Imagine chasing her around the dormitory, bare bum wobbling frantically.
4. Sharon Gleese of Cagney and Lacey. An hour-long spanking would just about do it.
5. Sally Whittaker — she plays the new barmaid in Coronation Street. The back of a plastic hair brush followed by the cane for this madam.
6. Amanda Burton - Heather in Brookside; No silk pyjamas for you my girl, just bare bum over my knee.
7. Your model who played Alison. She's so pert I just want to — well, I know what I want to do with her.
8. Tracy Ullman. She's got much to big for her boots lately. I'd soon bring her down a peg or two with my strap.
9. Anne Diamond — A good tanning then early to bed, and not because of getting up for work either.
10. Last but not least — Hannah Gordon, older but not less pert. Her size lends her to being an overgrown schoolgirl.

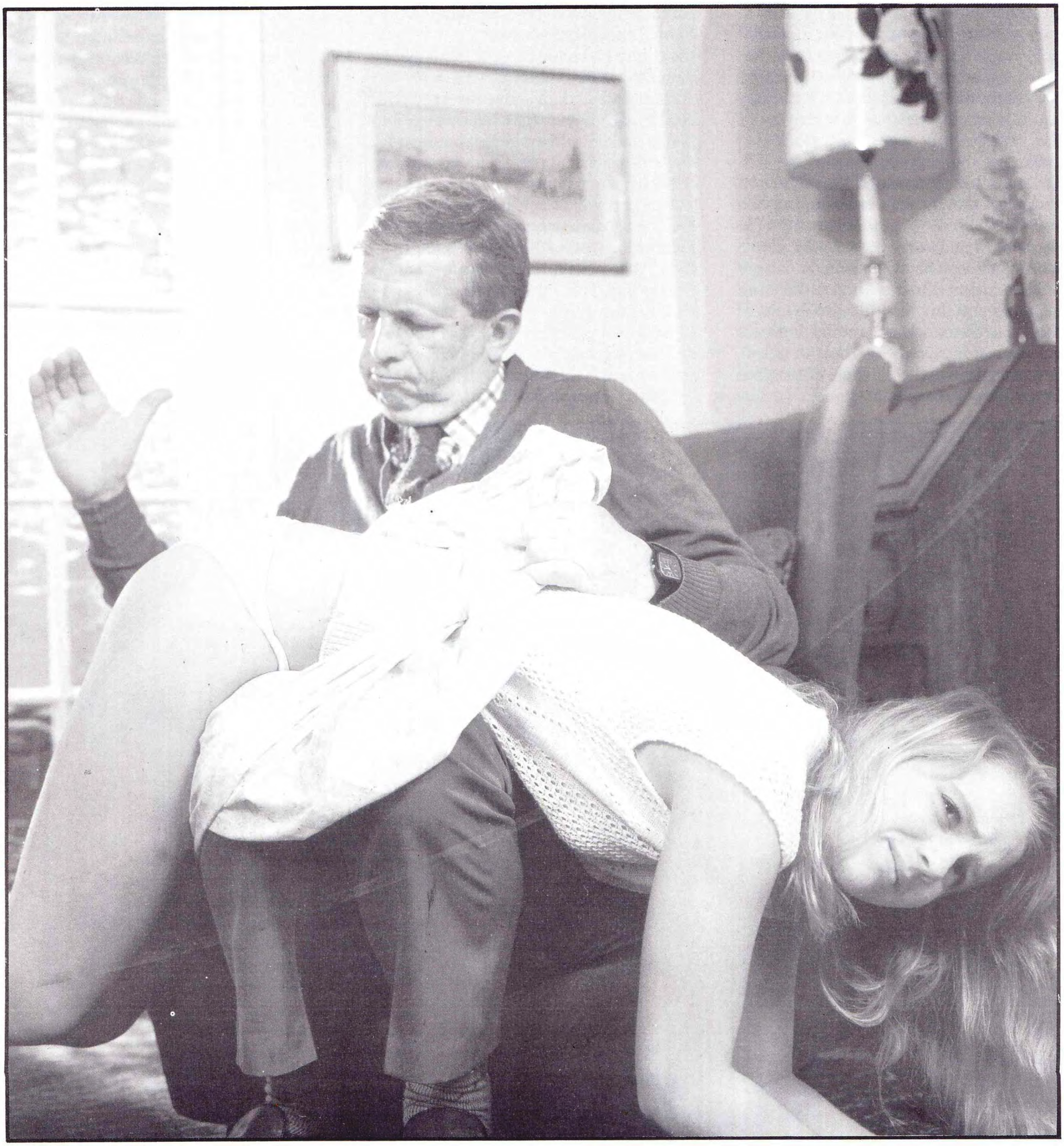
Anyway thanks for a great series of magazines. Hope you can find space for all this.

A.H.A



The Headmasters Daughter





Soft moonlight bathed the gaunt oak-panelled study. It was just after midnight. She had heard the clock in the tower strike twleve as she had left her room. Samantha had crept on tip-toe along the landing, down the broad staircase and across the expansive echoing lobby. She grasped the old worn door-knob and turned it slowly. The door opened. Samantha smiled to herself. Daddy never locked the door to his study. There was really no need. None of the boys was permitted inside the old house unless accompanied by a teacher, and the building was detached from the rest of the school.

Samantha slipped inside the room and closed the door, feeling a little jumpy as the old door shut behind her with a gentle click. She felt the warmth of the thick pile carpet against her bare feet, so inviting after the cold polished stone of the hall-way. Although she was wearing just a very short thin nightie, she felt very warm. On this still summer night her nervousness was making her feel that little bit too warm.

She glanced quickly about her, around the room, from the tall bay windows and the standard lamp to the old bookcase and the cabinet where she knew her father kept his canes. The long heavy desk was clear of papers and books; there was just the telephone and his writing pad and blotter. Daddy always left his study tidy at weekends, especially when he was going away. The examination papers obviously weren't on his desk. She would have to look elsewhere.

She knelt down behind her father's old chair and rifled quickly through a pile of loose papers. Nothing very interesting there. She crossed to the other side of the room and opened the tall cabinet; three long and extremely whippy-looking canes were stacked neatly in the corner. There was a pair of her father's walking boots and his golf clubs, but nothing else.

Her eyes were now becoming adjusted to the moonlight. She scanned along the lines of the textbooks and files in the bookcase until she found the object of her search. Lying flat along the upper shelf were a dozen or so dark green box files, neatly stacked and clearly-labelled. In the second stack, three files down, the label on the file read 'Exam. Papers —

Current.'

Samantha Hedley was of average build and height for her eighteen years, but those upper shelves were well beyond her reach. She looked about her quickly and saw an old piano stool in the bay of the window. Carrying it across to the bookcase, she stepped up onto it. Samantha stretched up to reach the high shelf and found that by standing on tip-toe she could just slip her fingers between the file she needed and the two other files above it. With the one hand she took the weight of those files whilst with the other she began to pull the third file slowly out of the stack. She worked carefully and with concentration; she did not hear the study door open slowly behind her, or the gentle rustle of movement.

Suddenly there was a blinding flash of light. In that split second the man with the camera saw the headmaster's young daughter standing on tip-toe with her arms stretched high above her head. Her flimsy nightie had risen well above her waist, and her plump girlish bottom was clothed in nothing more than the briefest triangle of pink fabric.

Blinded by the electronic flash, Samantha stumbled off the stool, seeing only velvet blackness. All three files fell from the shelf, cascading their papers across the floor and the desk. Another blinding flash stung the room and she found herself losing her balance. She clutched the corner of her father's solid desk for support as she stared into the darkness.

James Carter crossed to the windows and, using the pull-cord, drew the heavy velvet curtains across the entire bay. He switched on the standard lamp and began to study the two polaroid prints now developing in his hands. The girl was fighting to regain some composure. 'I...I was just looking for a book. Thought I'd left it in here...' She slipped down onto her hands and knees attempting to gather together the contents of the files now lying strewn across the carpet. Her panties, looking even briefer now, stretched taut across her up-turned bottom. Her young breasts swung free within the short thin nightie as she reached out to collect the papers.

'There doesn't seem to be a book anywhere around there.' commented Mr Carter. He paused for just a second.



When next he spoke it was with the voice of authority, the commanding voice of the school's Deputy Headmaster. It was a voice that demanded - and usually received - immediate obedience.

'Samantha. Get up. Leave those papers exactly where they are!' Looking white and frightened, she got to her feet. The reality of the situation was now dawning upon her.

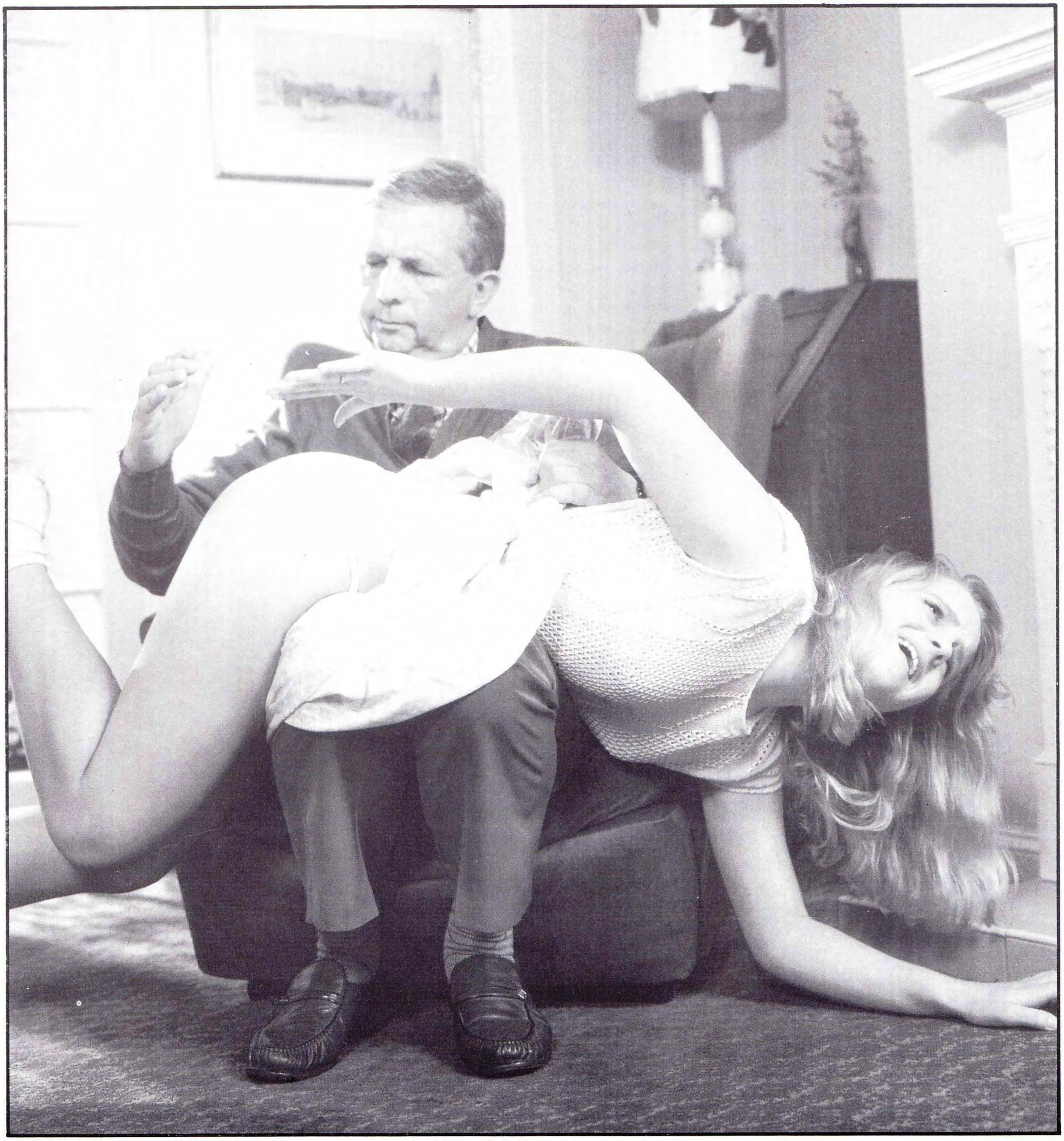
She felt not only frightened but embarrassed too, standing there dressed in just a little 'baby doll' nightie set in front of this young authoratitive man.

Carter crossed the room, stooped down and collected the three box files together. He looked at their spines. 'Last year's examination papers, and this year's papers, which the boys will be sitting next week.' Samantha clutched the hem of her nightie, trying to pull it down to a more modest position. She tried desperately to think of a viable explanation.

'Don't bother with excuses, Samantha. I know exactly what you were doing. Two boys were found with money collected from other boys this afternoon. The money was coming to you Samantha, in exchange for photocopies of these examination papers.' She closed her eyes as her fear turned to near-panic. 'The boys have given me the full story, Samantha, which is why I knew you'd be here tonight. I have also telephoned your father who has given me his full support and authority to deal with this matter.'

As he spoke, Carter crossed to the tall cabinet. Samantha knew he was going to collect a cane. He stroked his index finger almost casually across the three thin wands and chose the thinnest of the set. Turning to face her, he flexed it into a curve before her scared eyes.

He placed the cane, with a noisy clatter, across the headmaster's shiny desk, then picked up the piano stool and placed it along one edge of the desk, clearing a few loose papers on the way. Samatha realised now the purpose of the stool. 'Kneel on the stool, Samantha, and bend well over so that you are lying flat across the desk.' She scrambled up, not daring to disobey. 'No, put your arms out, either side of you, and hold the edges of the desk.' She reached out and



clutched the hard shiny moulding. By placing the stool so close to the desk, he had forced her to bend her body at the waist almost to a right angle, so thrusting her bottom out in a most exposed position.

Her nightie had ridden half way up her back, and the polished mahogany felt cold against her bare tummy. Without the slightest haste, or indeed hesitation, Carter pulled the girl's flimsy knickers down to her knees. He picked up the cane from where it had been lying beside her and stepped back, admiring the perfect curves of the bare teenage bottom awaiting punishment. 'You move one inch, young lady, and I'll call in two other housemasters to hold you down.' He raised the cane and whipped it down smartly, right across the centre of the girl's bottom-cheeks. Samantha yelled, as much in surprise as in pain and her body slid forward slightly along the polished desk-top. He let her stay in that position where he could now see dark brown curls peeping from between her legs. A band of pink and white had been drawn across the fleshiest peaks of her bottom.

He raised the cane a second time and this time whipped it down across the lower curves of her bottom, at the crease where her bottom joined her firm young thighs. This time Samantha screamed, her arms releasing their grip of the table edges in order to comfort her scorching rear. Carter tapped her hands with the cane. 'Put them back, Samantha.' Her bottom cheeks were quivering with the pain of that second stroke as Samantha stretched her arms once more and clutched the edging of the desk. She closed her eyes and waited. She heard the tell-tale whistle of the cane through the air, then the frightening crack, and a split-second later, she felt the searing pain snake once more across her cheeks. Her bottom bucked with the impact, her legs flailing; she kicked the stool, which toppled over, leaving her dangling over the edge of the desk, her feet unable to touch the floor.

Carter dropped the cane onto the desk once again. 'Get up on the desk,' he barked, insinuating one hand between her legs to assist her. Sobbing, she wriggled forward, so that she was lying





the full length of the table-top. 'Now turn over and keep holding the desk.' In a blurr of confusion and pain she rolled over and gripped the desk, her frightened eyes looking upwards towards the man, naked from her tummy to her toes.

Carter stepped to one side, retrieved the cane, and with his left hand grasped her slim ankles. He raised her legs, bending them forward in a tight arc towards her face. Samantha sobbed helplessly; she knew he could see everything, and she was held so tightly she was totally unable to move. She watched as he raised that dreadful cane again, and she squeezed her eyes shut as it whipped down once more to bite into her pert plump bottom.

Samantha received six strokes of the cane and was told to stand, facing the bookcase, with her hands on her head. Her little knickers had fallen down her legs and from her ankles and were left lying on the floor beside the upset papers.

Just as Carter was returning the cane to its resting place alongside its companions in the tall cabinet, the study door opened. Daddy was back. He looked at the papers on the floor and then at his daughter's rear view. 'You've dealt with her, then?' Carter nodded. 'Six strokes, same as the boys, though they didn't make quite such a song and dance about it as your daughter did.'

Daddy crossed to his daughter and took a closer look at her bottom peeping so immodestly from beneath the pink nightie. She turned to him. 'I'm sorry, Daddy, honestly I am.'

'There's something which my daughter hasn't been receiving for several years now, Carter. That's probably the reason why she thought she could try this little trick.' He picked up the piano stool and moved it into the centre of the room away from the desk. 'It's not something I can use on the boys, but when it comes to family discipline, I find it most effective.' He found a set of keys in his jacket pocket, and unlocked the seat of the stool, taking out a heavy smooth-backed wooden hairbrush.

Samantha recognised it at once. 'Oh no, Daddy, no. Please...I've just been caned!' Daddy ignored her pleas, and turned instead to his deputy. 'I would be grateful if you could do something about these papers, Jim. Just gather them together and lock them away. Miss Jones can sort them out on Monday morning.'

Without further discussion, Mr Charles Hedley grabbed his errant daughter, pulled her unceremoniously across to the stool, sat down and dragged her across his lap. He stripped her of her silly little nightie, placed his large left hand firmly across her bare shoulders, and with the hairbrush clutched tightly in his other hand, set about teaching his disobedient, deceitful, daughter a lesson she was unlikely ever to forget, and a lesson which he planned to repeat every evening for the next week.



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